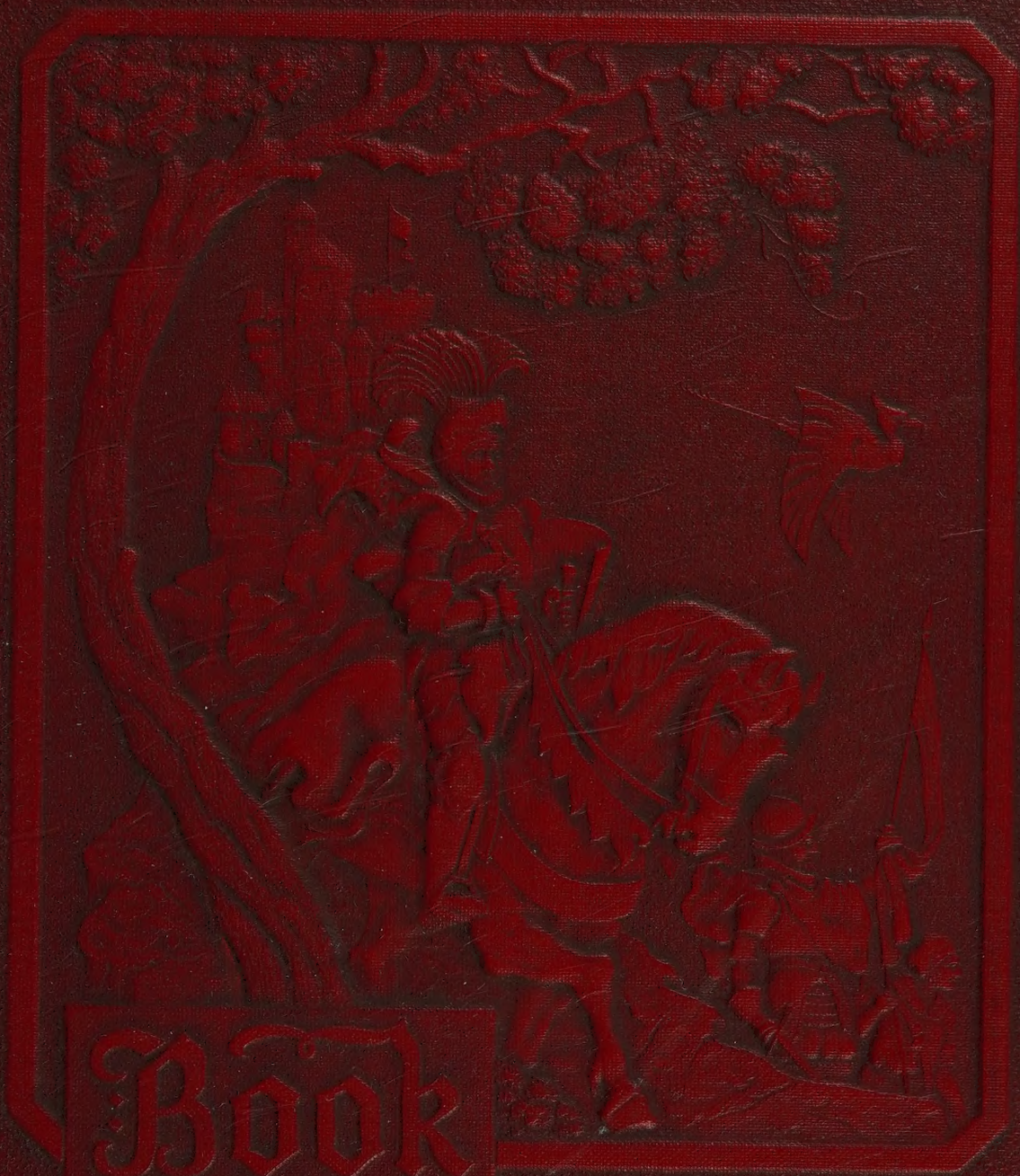

Book Trails

— FOR —

BABY FEET

NX211
CROSS ROAD
DONN P. CRANE

BOOK
TRAILS

FOR BABY FEET

For _____

Strap on the wingéd slipper · · · · ·
And fly o'er hills and dales. · · ·
To realms of fact and fancy, · · · ·
Through the pages of Book Trails.

_____

Book Trails

FOR BABY FEET

W. K. Corp. W. P. B. L-245
CHILD DEVELOPMENT, Inc.
PUBLISHERS • CHICAGO

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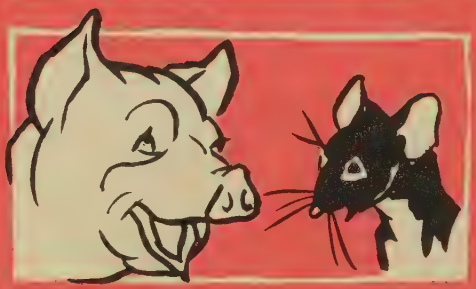
PITTYPAT AND TIPPYTOE

ALL day long they come and go—
Pittypat and Tippytoe;
Footprints up and down the hall,
Playthings scattered on the floor,
Finger-marks along the wall,
Tell-tale smudges on the door—
By these presents you shall know
Pittypat and Tippytoe.

EUGENE FIELD

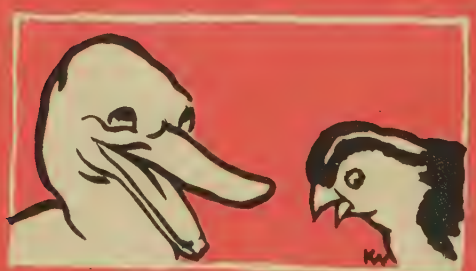
From *Poems of Childhood*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"BOW, wow,"
Says the dog;
"Mew, mew,"
Says the cat;



"Grunt, grunt,"
Goes the hog;
And "squeak,"
Goes the rat.

"Tu-whu,"
Says the owl;
"Caw, caw,"
Says the crow.



"Quack, quack,"
Says the duck;
And what sparrows
Say, you know.

So, with sparrows and owls,
With rats and with dogs,
With ducks and with crows,
With cats and with hogs,

A fine song I have made,
To please you, my dear;
And if it's well sung,
'Twill be charming to hear.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown,
Rapping at the window, crying through the lock,
"Are the children in their beds, for now it's eight o'clock?"

BROW bender,
Eye peeper,
Nose smeller,
Mouth eater,
Chin chopper,
Knock at the door—peep in,
Lift up the latch—walk in.

THE SLUMBER BOAT

BABY'S boat's the silver moon
Sailing in the sky,
Sailing o'er the sea of sleep
While the clouds float by.
Sail, baby, sail,
Out upon that sea,
Only don't forget to sail
Back again to me.
Baby's fishing for a dream,
Fishing near and far,
His line a silver moonbeam is
His bait a silver star.
Sail, baby, sail,
Out upon that sea,
Only don't forget to sail
Back again to me

ALICE C. D. RILEY

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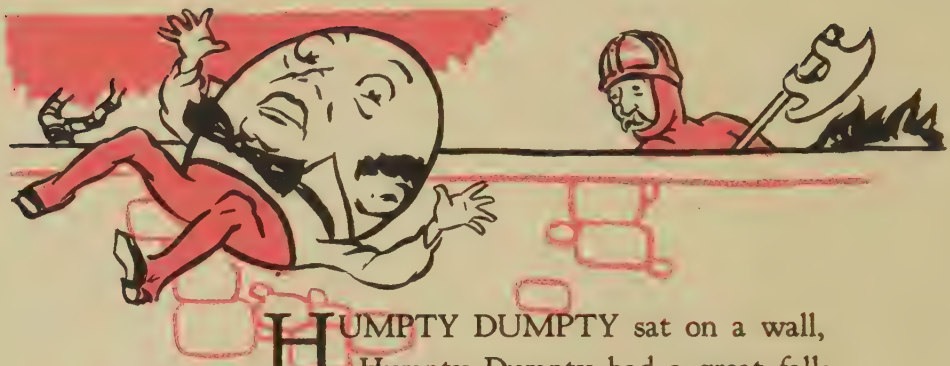


HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
Not all the King's horses, nor all the King's men
Could set Humpty Dumpty up again.

HICKETY, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Sometimes nine, and sometimes ten,
Hickety, pickety, my black hen!

DIDDLE, diddle, dumpling,
My son John
Went to bed
With his stockings on;
One shoe off,
And one shoe on,
Diddle, diddle, dumpling,
My son John.

PEASE porridge hot,
Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot,
Nine days old.
Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,
Nine days old.

JACK, be nimble,
Jack, be quick;
Jack, jump over
The candlestick.

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and he pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

LITTLE BO-PEEP

LITTLE Bo-Peep has lost her sheep—
And doesn't know where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
Bringing their tails behind them.

PETER, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.

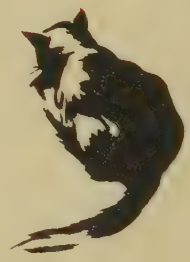
AS little Jenny Wren
Was sitting by the shed,
She waggled with her tail
And nodded with her head,
As little Jenny Wren
Was sitting by the shed.

SLUMBER TIME

COME, baby, my love,
My drowsy-eyed dove,
Creep into your slumber time nest.
Press your dear little face
On your sleepy time place
And sink into dreamy time rest.

Oh! what could compare
To holding you there,
So tender and trustful and sweet;
You honor my arms
With your babyhood charms
And crown me — your captive complete!

ROSE WALDO



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LITTLE Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper;
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.

How will he cut it
Without any knife?
How will he be married
Without any wife?

HICKORY, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,
And down he run,
Hickory, dickory, dock.

RAIN, rain, go away,
Come again another day,
Little Charlie wants to play.

LITTLE ROBIN REDBREAST sat upon a tree,
Up went pussy-cat, and down went he;
Down came pussy-cat, and away Robin ran;
Says little Robin Redbreast, "Catch me if you can."

THIS little pig went to market;
This little pig stayed at home;
This little pig had roast beef;
This little pig had none;
This little pig said, "Wee, wee, wee!"
All the way home.

KEITH WARD

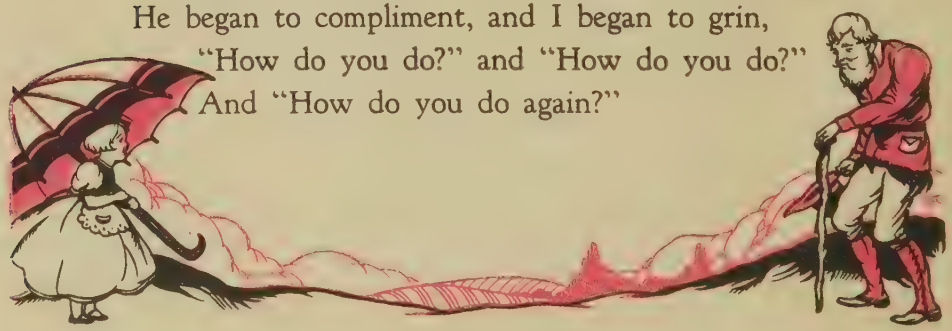
INDIAN CRADLE SONG

SWING thee low in thy cradle soft,
Deep in the dusky wood,
Swing thee low and swing aloft,
Sleep, as a papoose should.
For safe in your little birchen nest,
Quiet will come and peace and rest,
If the little papoose is good.

Author Unknown

HANDY Spandy, Jack a-dandy,
Loved plum-cake and sugar-candy:
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And out he came, hop, hop, hop.

ONE misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man clothed all in leather.
He began to compliment, and I began to grin,
"How do you do?" and "How do you do?"
And "How do you do again?"



AS I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives,
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?

HOW many miles to Babylon?
Threescore miles and ten.
Can I get there by candle-light?
Yes, and back again.

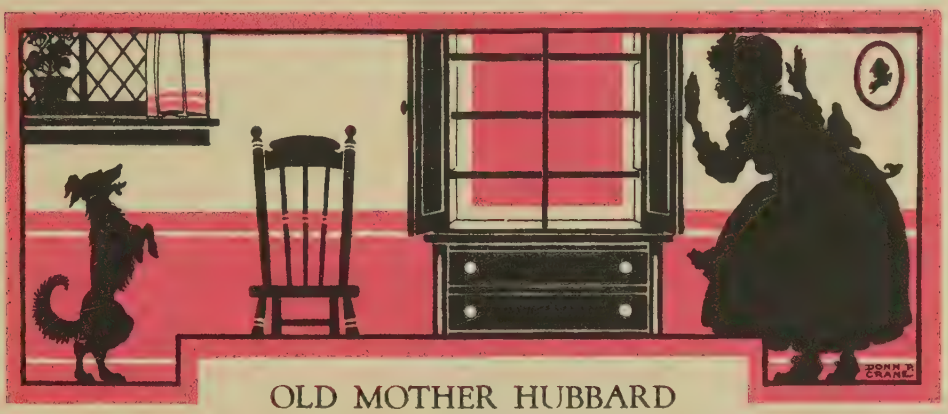
POLLY, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
And let's drink tea.

HEY diddle diddle!
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
While the dish ran away with the spoon.

PETER PIPER picked a peck of pickled peppers;
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

THERE was an old woman tossed up in a basket
Nineteen times as high as the moon;
Where she was going I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman," quoth I,
"O whither, O whither, O whither, so high?"
"To brush the cobwebs off the sky!"
"Shall I go with thee?" "Ay, by-and-by."



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

OLD Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone,

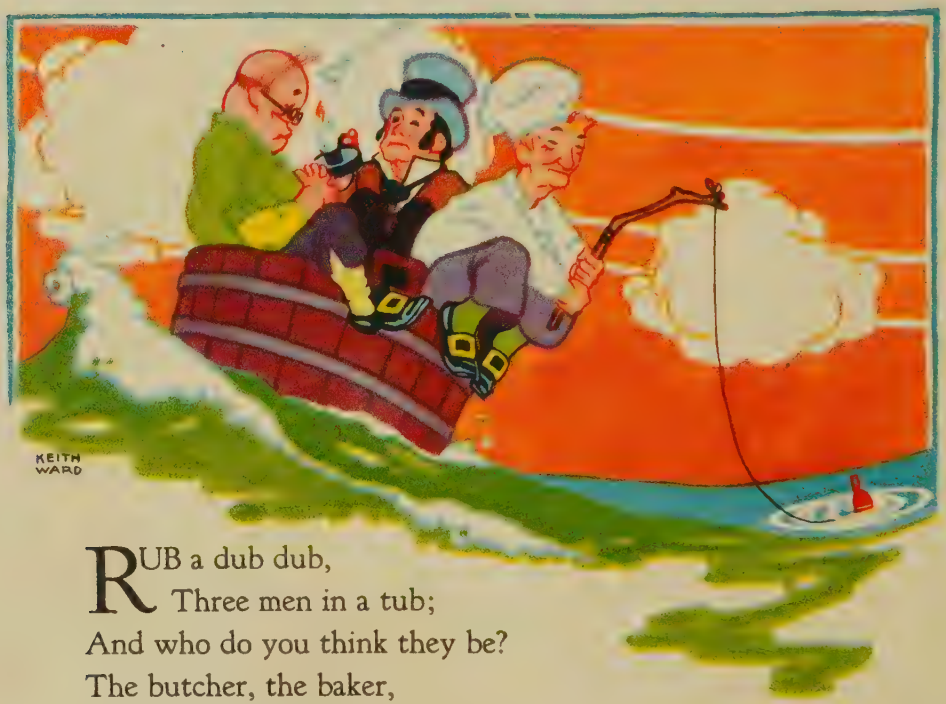
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the hatter's to buy him a hat,
And when she came back he was feeding the cat.

She went to the tailor's to buy him a coat,
And when she came back he was riding the goat.

She went to the barber's to buy him a wig,
And when she came back he was dancing a jig.

The dame made a curtsy, the dog made a bow,
The dame said, "Your servant"; the dog said,
"Bow-wow."



RUB a dub dub,
Three men in a tub;
And who do you think they be?
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick-maker;
Turn 'em out, all scot free!

INTERY, mintery, cutery-corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn;
Wire, brier, limber-lock,
Five geese in a flock,
Sit and sing by a spring,
O-U-T, and in again.

PUSSY-CAT, pussy-cat,
Where have you been?
I've been to London
To look at the Queen.

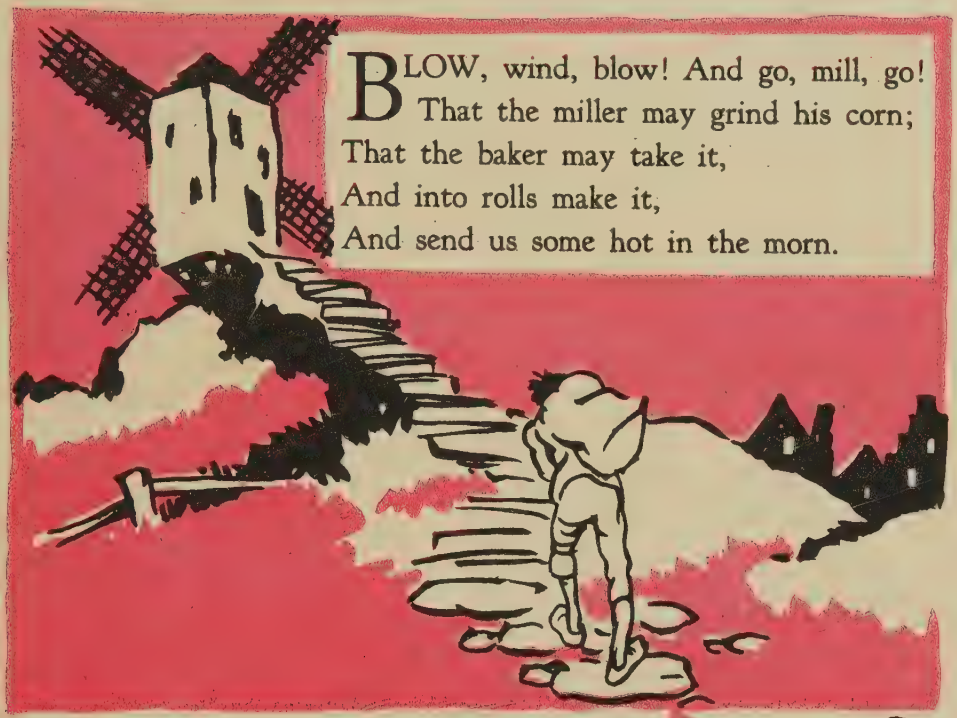
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
What did you there?
I frightened a little mouse
Under the chair.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY
Has come up to town,
In a yellow petticoat
And a green gown.

KEITH WARD

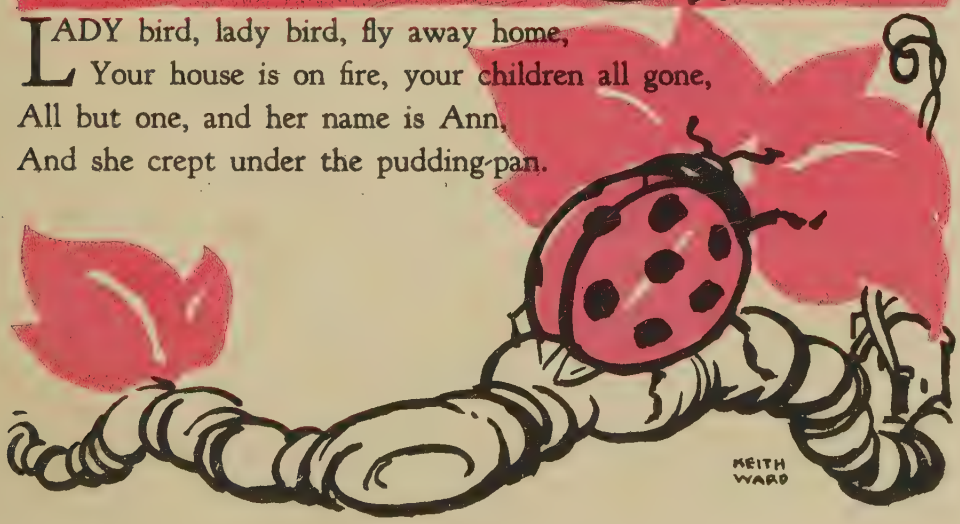
FOR want of a nail, the shoe was lost;
For want of the shoe, the horse was lost;
For want of the horse, the rider was lost;
For want of the rider, the battle was lost;
For want of the battle, the kingdom was lost;
And all for the want of a horseshoe nail.

THERE was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise,
He jumped into a bramble bush,
And scratched out both his eyes;
But when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched 'em in again.



BLOW, wind, blow! And go, mill, go!
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.

LADY bird, lady bird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children all gone,
All but one, and her name is Ann,
And she crept under the pudding-pan.



COCK a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddling-stick,
And don't know what to do.

Cock a doodle doo!
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddling-stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock a doodle doo!
My dame has found her shoe,
And master's found his fiddling-stick,
Sing doodle doodle do.

THE Man in the wilderness asked me,
"How many strawberries grow in the sea?"
I answered him as I thought good,
"As many red herrings as grow in the wood."

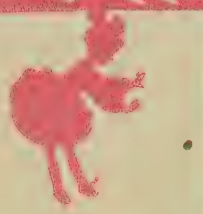
BYE, BABY, BYE

BYE, baby! night is come,
And the sun is going home;
Bye, baby, bye!
Bye, baby, bye!
All the flowers have shut their eyes,
On the grass a shadow lies;
Bye, baby, bye!
O bye, baby, bye!

Bye, baby, birds are sleeping;
One by one the stars are peeping;
Bye, baby, bye!
Bye, baby, bye!
In the far-off sky they twinkle
While the cows come tinkle, tinkle.
Bye, baby, bye!
O bye, baby, bye!

Bye, baby, mother holds thee;
Loving, tender care enfolds thee;
Bye, baby, bye!
Bye, baby, bye!
Angels in thy dreams caress thee,
Thro' the darkness guard and bless thee.
Bye, baby, bye!
O bye, baby, bye!

Author Unknown



ONE, two,
Buckle my shoe;

Three, four,
Shut the door;

Five, six,
Pick up sticks;

Seven, eight,
Lay them straight;

Nine, ten,
A good fat hen;

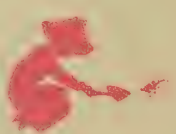
Eleven, twelve,
Who will delve?

Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a-courting;

Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids a-kissing;

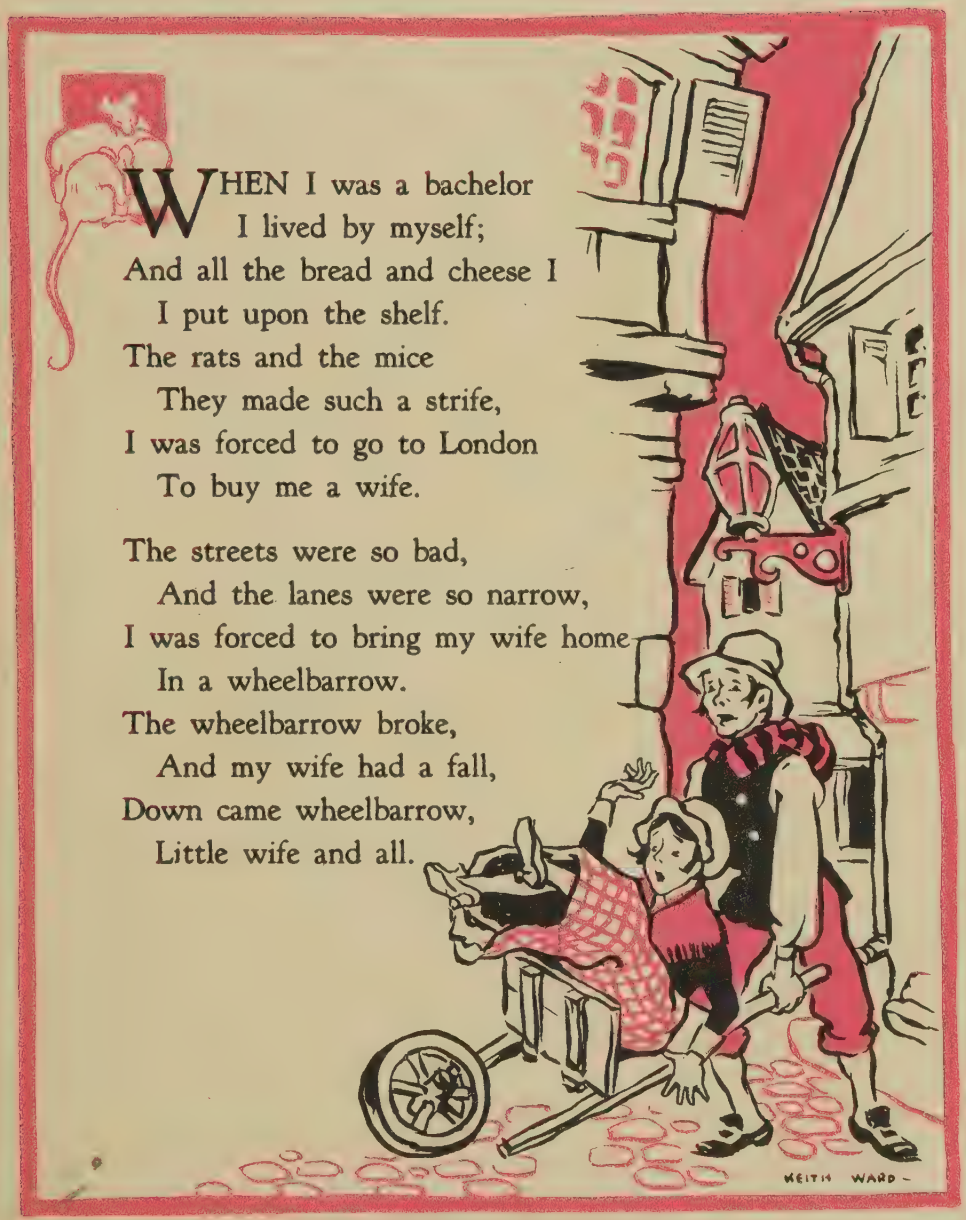
Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a-waiting;

Nineteen, twenty,
My plate's empty.

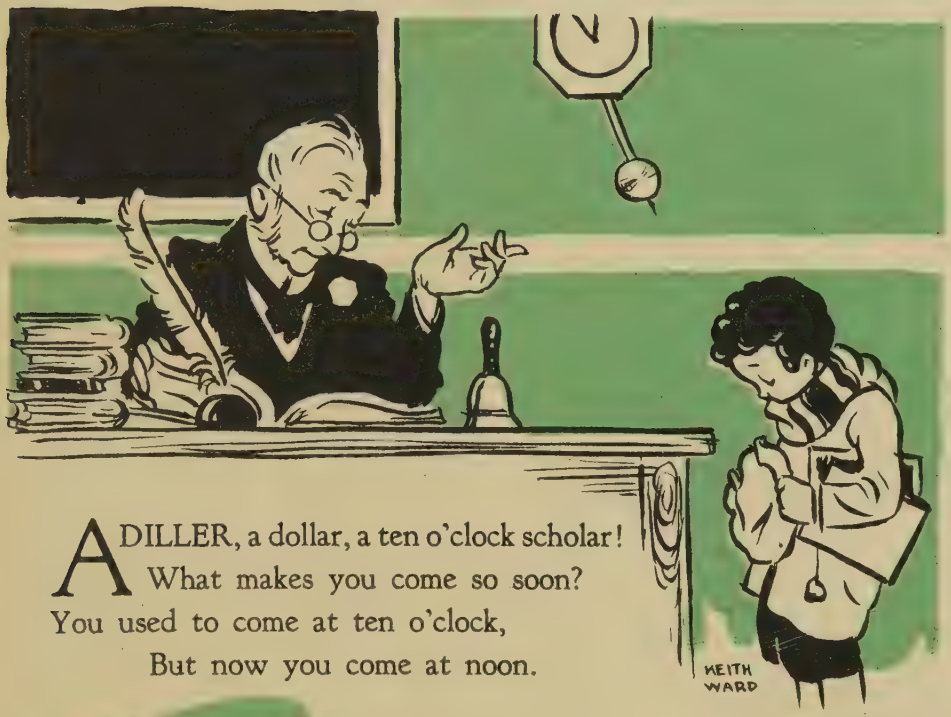


WHEN I was a bachelor
I lived by myself;
And all the bread and cheese I
I put upon the shelf.
The rats and the mice
They made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London
To buy me a wife.

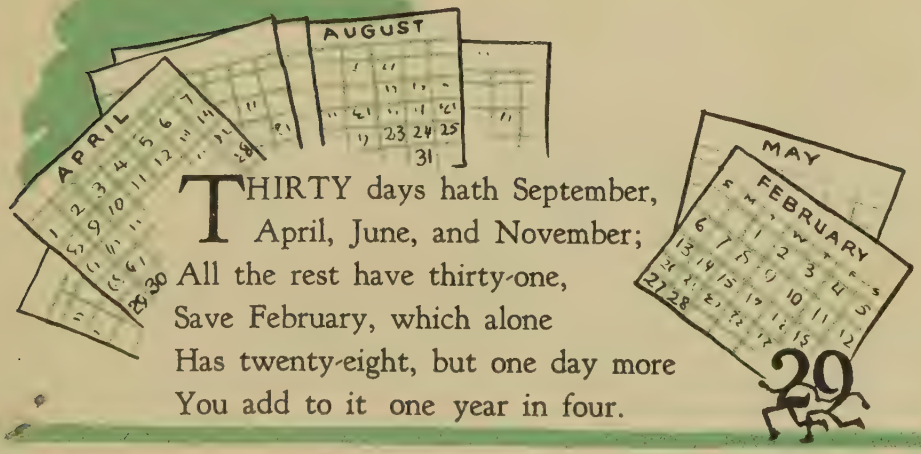
The streets were so bad,
And the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home
In a wheelbarrow.
The wheelbarrow broke,
And my wife had a fall,
Down came wheelbarrow,
Little wife and all.



RING around the roses,
Pocket full of posies;
Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush!
We're all tumbled down.



A DILLER, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar!
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.



THIRTY days hath September,
April, June, and November;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Save February, which alone
Has twenty-eight, but one day more
You add to it one year in four.

THE ALPHABET

LITTLE boys with pockets,
Little boys with none,
Little bright-eyed lassies
Gather, every one!
Crowd around me closely.
Would you master books?
You must first discover
How each letter looks.

A has a bar
Where a fairy might ride;

D is a buck-saw
Standing on end.

B is a post
With two loops at the side.

E has a peg
In the middle, they say;

C might be round
If a piece you would lend;

F is an E
With the bottom away.

From *Rhymes and Jingles*, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

G is like C
With a block on one end;

L is a roost,
If the chickens but knew it.

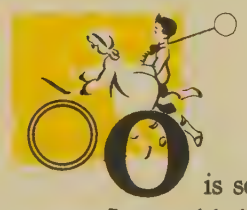
H has a seat
That would hold you, depend.

M has four parts,
As you quickly may see;

I is so straight
It would do for a prop;

N the poor fellow!
Is made out of three.

J is a crook
With a bar at the top.



O is so round
It would do for a hoop;

K is a stick
With a crotch fastened to it;

P is a stick
With a top like a loop.

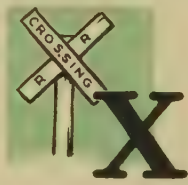
Q to be curly
Is constantly trying;

V is as sharp
As a bumble-bee's sting.

R is like B
With the bottom loop flying.

W ought
To be called double-V;

S is a snake,
All crooked and dread;



X is a cross
As you plainly can see.

T is a pole
With a bar for its head.

Y is just formed
Like a V on a stand;

U it is plain
Would make a good swing;

Z is the crookedest
Thing in the land!

Mary Mapes Dodge

BLACK-PUSSY

DAHRIS BUTTERWORTH MARTIN

BLACK-PUSSY lived in the warm barn.
She caught the mice.
Farmer Brown gave her sweet milk.
Black-Pussy was not happy.
She said,
"I shall run away."
So she started down the road.
Trit-trot. Trit-trot.
Soon Black-Pussy met Little-Red-Hen.
She said,
"I am not happy. I am running away.

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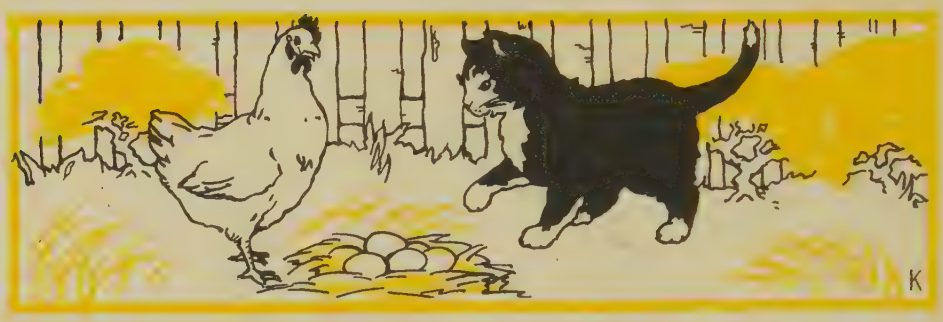
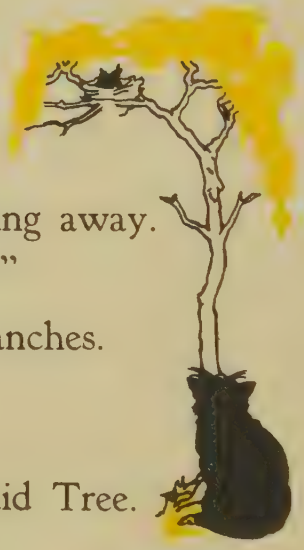


Why are *you* so happy, Little-Red-Hen?"

"I lay eggs for the farmer.
I am a useful Little-Red-Hen.
That is why I am happy," said Little-Red-Hen.
Black-Pussy ran along.
Trit-trot. Trit-trot.
She came to a tree.
She said,
"I am not happy. I am running away.
Why are *you* so happy, Tree?"



"Birdies build nests in my branches.
People rest under my shade.
I am a useful Tree.
That is why I am happy," said Tree.
Black-Pussy went on.
Trit-trot. Trit-trot.

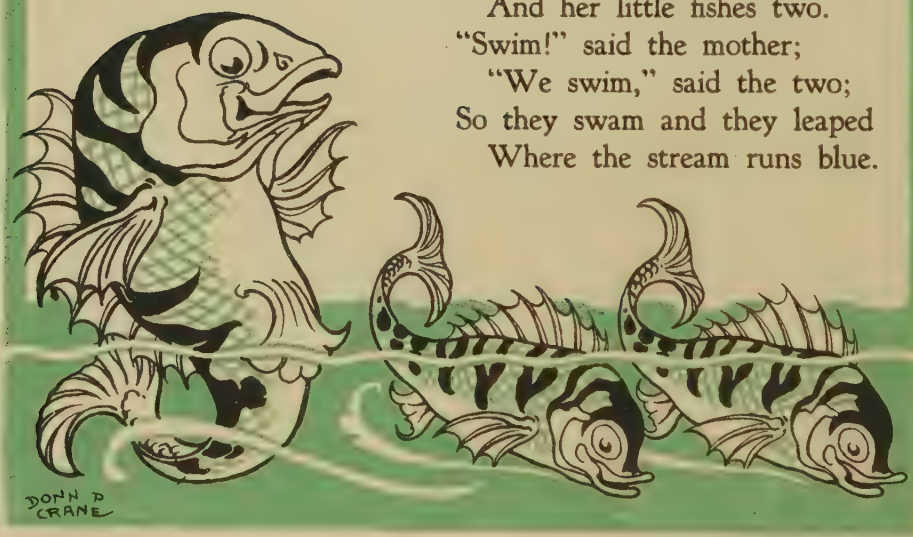
Now she saw Little-Brook.
She said,
"I am not happy. I am running away.
Why are *you* so happy, Little-Brook?"

"I give water to the birds.
I sing a merry song.
I am a useful Little-Brook.
That is why I am happy," said Little-Brook.
Then Black-Pussy ran home.
Trit-trot. Trit-trot. Trit-trot.
The mice were in Farmer Brown's grain.
Black-Pussy caught those mice.
She said,
"I am a useful Pussy-Cat.
NOW I am happy.
Prrrr. Prrrr. Prrrr."

OVER IN THE MEADOW

OVER in the meadow,
In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother toad
And her little toadie one.
"Wink!" said the mother;
"I wink," said the one;
So he winked and he blinked
In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,
Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother fish
And her little fishes two.
"Swim!" said the mother;
"We swim," said the two;
So they swam and they leaped
Where the stream runs blue.



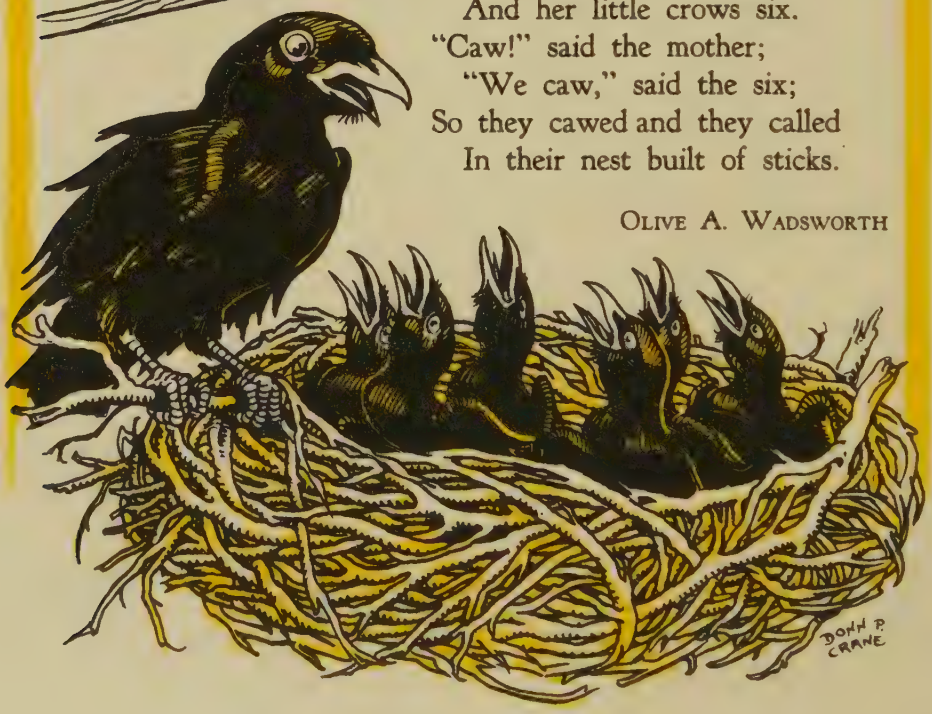
Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,
Lived an old mother bluebird
And her little birdies three.
"Sing!" said the mother;
"We sing," said the three;
So they sang and were glad
In the hole in the tree.

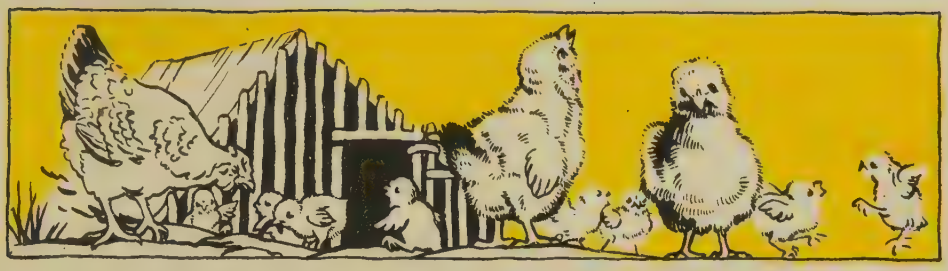
Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother muskrat
And her little ratties four.
"Dive!" said the mother;
"We dive," said the four;
So they dived and they burrowed
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,
In a snug beehive,
Lived a mother honeybee
And her little bees five.
"Buzz!" said the mother;
"We buzz," said the five;
So they buzzed and they hummed
In the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother crow
And her little crows six.
"Caw!" said the mother;
"We caw," said the six;
So they cawed and they called
In their nest built of sticks.

OLIVE A. WADSWORTH





THE CHICKS THAT STAYED UP LATE

ELSIE BALL

DOWNY and Browny were two little chicks. They lived with their mother, Mrs. Hen, and their nine brothers and sisters in a wee house with a slanting roof in Mr. Farmer's back yard.

They had a very pleasant time. They would walk over the green grass in the sunshine, talking and playing with one another for hours at a time. But their mother was very strict about some things. If she called "Cluck, Cluck!" they had to run to her that very minute.

Sometimes she called them because she had something for them to eat.

"Little chicks must eat enough or they will not be strong," she said.

By permission of the author.

Sometimes she called them because she was afraid they were in danger.

"Little chicks must keep close to their mother to be safe," she said.

Every evening she called them when it was time to go to bed.

"Little chicks must go to sleep early," she said, "or they will not grow. They are like little children; they grow best when they are asleep."

One evening Downy and Browny were naughty.

"Let us pretend not to hear when she calls us to go to bed," said Downy in a very low whisper. "Then we will run away and stay up as late as we please."

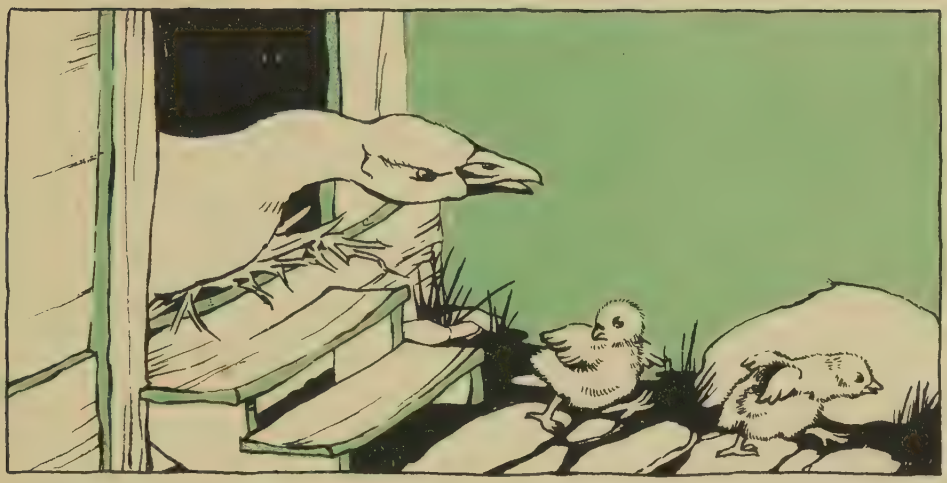
"Let us hide behind this big leaf," said Browny. "Then she cannot see us."

So they hid behind the big leaf, and when all their brothers and sisters were asleep, they ran away to find someone else to play with.

First they went to Mrs. Duck.

"Mrs. Duck," they asked, "may your ducklings come out and play with us?"

"Quack, quack!" said Mrs. Duck. "No, indeed! My



ducklings are all asleep, as all proper ducklings should be at this time."

Then they went to Mrs. Goose.

"Mrs. Goose," they asked, "may your goslings come out and play with us?"

Mrs. Goose hissed so fiercely that they were frightened.

"No, indeed!" she said. "My goslings are all asleep, as all proper goslings should be at this time."

Mrs. Goose was so angry that the two little chicks ran away as fast as they could go.

"Let us go to Mrs. Pigeon," said Downy. "She is always polite and lets her babies play with us."

So they went to Mrs. Pigeon.

"Mrs. Pigeon," they asked, "may your little pigeons come out and play with us?"

"Coo, coo," said Mrs. Pigeon drowsily. "My little pigeons are all asleep, as all proper pigeons should be at this time."

Next they went to Jenny Wren.

"Mrs. Wren," they asked, "may your little wrens come out and play with us?"

Mrs. Wren was so astonished that she nearly fell out of her nest.

"My little wrens are all asleep," she said, "as all proper wrens should be at this time. Why are you not asleep? Mr. Owl will get you if you are not careful. You had better run home as fast as you can."

"Oh, oh!" said Browny. "I am afraid of Mr. Owl! Let us go to Mrs. Farmer and ask her if Jean and Peter can play with us. They are so big they can take care of us."

So they went to the farmhouse and called "Cheep! Cheep!" so loudly that Mrs. Farmer came to the door.

"Naughty chicks!" she cried. "Why aren't you asleep? Jean and Peter are asleep, as all proper children should be at this time."

The little chicks ran away as fast as they could go. They were feeling cross, as little chicks and little children always do when they stay up too late.

"This is your fault," said Browny. "I should never have thought of staying up late if you hadn't asked me to, and now everybody is scolding us."

"It was you who thought of hiding behind the big leaf," answered Downy. "Oh, oh, what was that noise?"

"That was Mr. Dog," Browny replied. "I wish we were home with our mother!"

"I think it was Mrs. Pussy Cat," said Downy. "Oh, what shall we do?"

They crept very close to each other and listened carefully. What do you suppose they heard? They heard their dear mother saying, "Cluck, cluck!" in a very low voice.

Downy and Browny ran to her. They found a warm, safe place under her wings and shut their eyes up tight.

"We are so sorry, Mother," they said. "We will never stay up late again!"

And they never did.

THE TARDY PLAYMATE

GOOD morning, sky;
Good morning, sun;
Good morning, little winds that run!
Good morning, birds;
Good morning, trees;
And creeping grass, and brownie bees!
How did you find out it was day?
Who told you night had gone away?
I'm wide awake;
I'm up now, too.
I'll be right out to play with you!

FANNIE R. BUCHANAN

By permission of the author.

SUN-UP STORY

JOHN STILLWELL

THE sun was up, and so were little white chicken Silver Chick, and little white kittens Tabbie and Babbie, and little white puppies Towser and Wowser and Bowser, but Baby Bruce was just opening his eyes. So his mother told him this story:

"Silver Chick is pecking the grain in the barnyard for his breakfast, and Tabbie and Babbie are lapping their bread and milk back of the kitchen stove, and Towser and Wowser and Bowser are crunching their puppy biscuits on the back porch steps, and now it is time for Baby Bruce to get washed and dressed and have his breakfast, so he can go out and play with Silver Chick, and Tabbie and Babbie, and Towser and Wowser and Bowser, out on the fresh green grass.

"Mother has been to see the little Match, and little Match said he would light little Fire, and little Fire promised to warm little Water, and little Water poured himself into little Tub, and little Tub said, 'Here I am holding little Water and I want to hold Little Bruce, too.'

"So Little Bruce got out of bed and helped Mother take off his little white nightie, and he hopped right into little Tub and splashed in little Water and let little Soap go slippy, sloppy, all over him, and let little

Washcloth chase little Soap until little Water came and rinsed him all over, and little Towel came rub, rub, rubbing and dried him.

"And next came all the little clothes and slipped on, one after another. Little Shirt and little Drawers, little Stockings and little Shoes. Then little Comb came and ran through little Bruce's curls and made them all neat. Next, little Rompers slipped on, and little Bruce ran to the table where he found his blue bowl and his pink glass waiting for him. And so he ate his breakfast and went out doors.

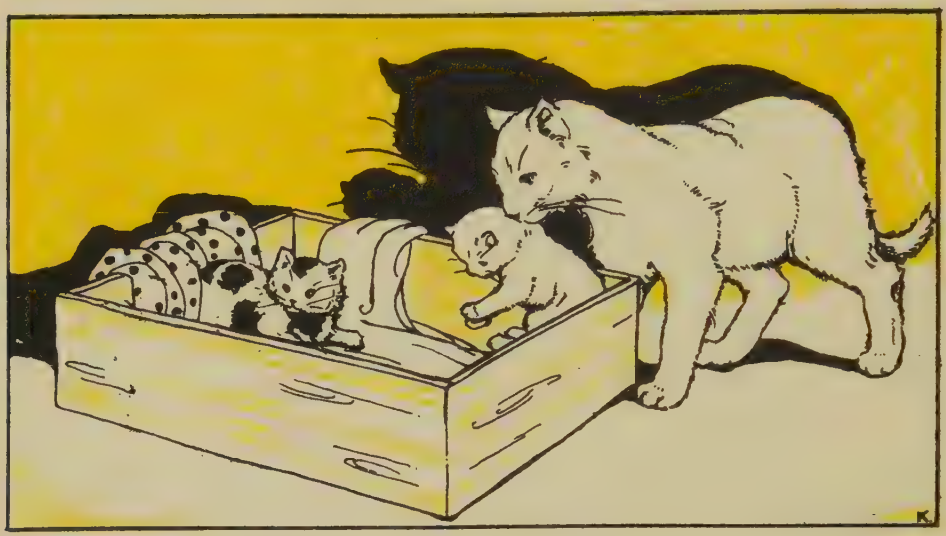
"Little Bruce ate his breakfast because he knew that just outside the door there were Silver Chick, who had eaten his breakfast, and Tabbie and Babbie, who had eaten their breakfast, and Towser and Wowser and Bowser, who had had their breakfast, and were waiting for Little Bruce to get through and come out to play with them, out on the fresh green grass."

SLEEPY-TIME TALE

JOHN STILLWELL

BABY BRUCE had eaten his bread and milk from the little blue bowl, and cuddled up in his white nightie and soft woolly robe and little rabbit slippers for his good-night story.

Outside the wind whistled around the house and it was cold, but indoors it was warm and cheerful. A little fire burned merrily and sent bright rosy lights dancing over Baby Bruce's white nightie and soft robe. And here is the story Mother told Baby Bruce while the wind whistled and the firelight danced.



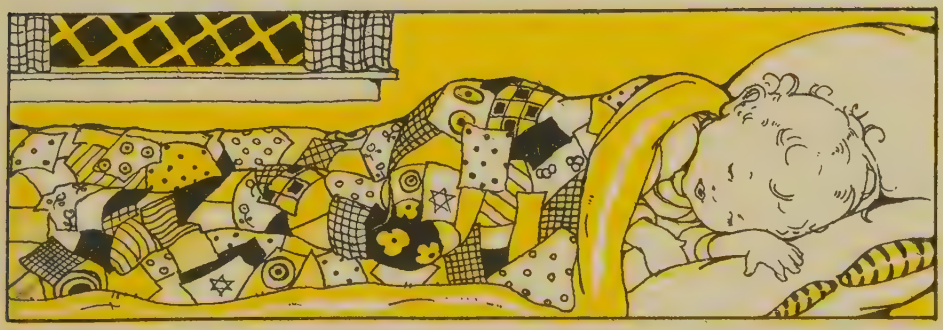
"Out in the chicken coop Mrs. White Feather is calling little Silver Chick under her wing and saying, 'Baby Bruce is going to sleep, so nestle down without a cheep, and tomorrow will be Sunday.' So Silver Chick nestled down.

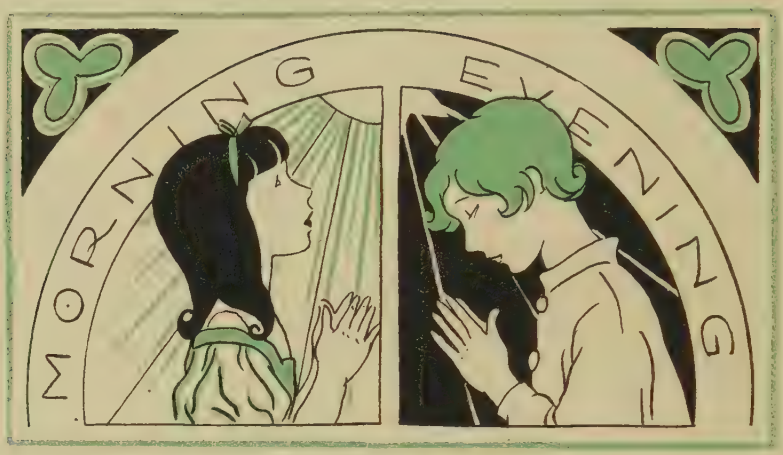
"In the kitchen Mother Cat is putting her two babies, Tabbie and Babbie, to bed in the box behind the stove. First she licks them all clean and then she says, 'Cuddle down close to Mother Cat and dream of the nice dish of bread and milk Baby Bruce will give you when you wake. Peep into dreamland and you will see it waiting for you.' And Tabbie and Babbie cuddled down,

purring, 'Baby Bruce is going to sleep, Silver Chick has ceased to cheep, into Dreamland we will peep, and tomorrow will be Sunday.'

"And out in the barn old Doggie Queen is telling her little white pups, Towser and Wowser and Bowser, that it is time for them to be off to Sleepyland, 'For Baby Bruce is going to sleep, and Silver Chick has ceased to cheep, and Tabbie and Babbie into Dreamland peep, while Towser, Wowser and Bowser to Sleepyland creep, and tomorrow will be Sunday.'

"And the Sandman comes quietly over the hill, strewing his sand with a right good will, on Silver Chick with his feathers bright, and Tabbie and Babbie with eyes shut tight, and Towser, Wowser and Bowser in coats so white, and Baby Bruce nodding in the firelight —and tomorrow will be Sunday."





A MORNING THANKSGIVING[1]

FOR this new morning with its light,
For rest and shelter of the night,
For health and food, for love and friends,
For everything His goodness sends,
We thank the Heavenly Father.

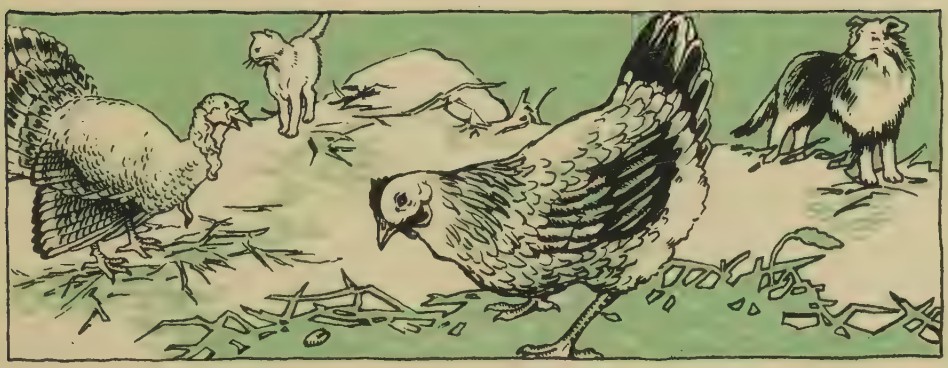
MARY J. GARLAND

GOODNIGHT PRAYER FOR A LITTLE CHILD

FATHER, unto Thee I pray,
Thou hast guarded me all day;
Safe I am while in Thy sight,
Safely let me sleep tonight.

HENRY JOHNSTONE

[1] From *In the Child's World*, by Emilie Poulsson. Springfield, Mass.: Milton Bradley Co.



THE LITTLE RED HEN AND THE GRAIN OF WHEAT

ONCE upon a time there was a Little Red Hen. One day in the barnyard she found a grain of wheat.

"Who will plant this grain of wheat?" she asked.

"I won't," said the dog.

"I won't," said the cat.

"I won't," said the turkey.

"I will, then," said the Little Red Hen.

So she put the grain of wheat in the ground. After a while the wheat began to grow and grow, and soon green leaves came up out of the earth. The sun shone and the rain fell and the wheat kept on growing. Soon it was a tall, strong stalk of wheat and on

the top was a big heavy head of ripe golden grain.

"Who will cut this wheat?" asked the Little Red Hen.

"I won't," said the dog.

"I won't," said the cat.

"I won't," said the turkey.

"I will, then," said the Little Red Hen.

So she cut down the stalk of wheat with her sharp bill.

"Who will thresh this wheat?" asked the Little Red Hen.

"I won't," said the dog.

"I won't," said the cat.

"I won't," said the turkey.

"I will, then," said the Little Red Hen.

So she threshed the wheat with her wings.

"Who will take this wheat to the mill and have it ground into flour?" asked the Little Red Hen.

"I won't," said the dog.

"I won't," said the cat.

"I won't," said the turkey.

"I will, then," said the Little Red Hen.

So she took the wheat to mill, and after a while she came back with the flour.

"Who will bake this flour into a little cake?" asked the Little Red Hen.

"I won't," said the dog.

"I won't," said the cat.

"I won't," said the turkey.

"I will, then," said the Little Red Hen.

So she mixed a little cake and put it in the oven. Soon it was baked and came out a beautiful golden brown.

"Who will eat this cake?" asked the Little Red Hen.

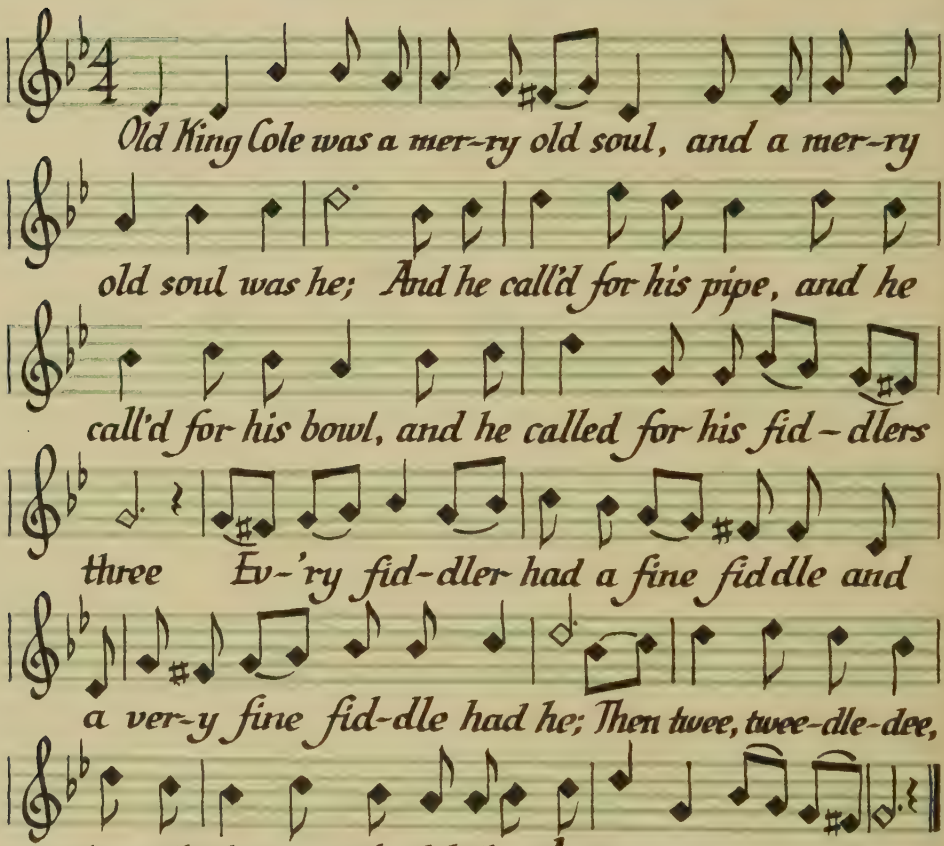
"I will," said the dog.

"I will," said the cat.

"I will," said the turkey.

"Oh, no, you won't. *I* will," said the Little Red Hen. And she and her little chicks ate the cake, so there was not a crumb left for the dog, the cat, or the turkey.

OLD KING COLE


Old King Cole was a mer-ry old soul, and a mer-ry
old soul was he; And he call'd for his pipe, and he
call'd for his bowl, and he called for his fid-dlers
three Ev-'ry fid-dler had a fine fiddle and
a ver-y fine fid-dle had he; Then twee, twee-dle-dee,
twee-dle-dee, went the fid-dlers, And so mer-ry we will be.

LITTLE DUCKLING TRIES HIS VOICE

MARJORIE M. LAFLEUR

ONCE upon a time a fat Little Duckling went on a journey into the Wide World. He wandered along the Barnyard Road, and presently he saw a Kitty Cat.

"Me-ow!" said the Kitty Cat.

"O-o-oh!" cried the Little Duckling. "Isn't that a PRETTY sound! I think I'LL talk that way!"

But do you suppose the Little Duckling could say "Me-ow"?

No, indeed!

He tried, but the best he could do was:

"Me-e-ack! Me-e-ack!"

And that wasn't PRETTY at all!

By permission of the author.

So the Little Duckling waddled on and on, and after a while he saw a Puppy Dog.

"Bow-wow!" said the Puppy Dog.

"O-o-oh!" cried the Little Duckling. "Isn't that a LOVELY noise! I think I'LL talk that way!"

But do you suppose the Little Duckling could say "Bow-wow"?

No, indeed!

He tried, but this is the way he sounded:

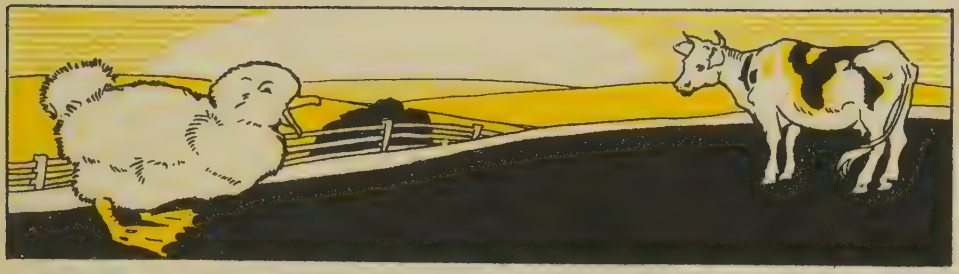
"B—ack! B—ack!"

And that wasn't LOVELY at all!

Then the Little Duckling waddled on and on, and soon he saw a Little Bird in a tree.

"Tweet-tweet, tweet-tweet, tweet!" sang the Yellow Bird.

"O-o-oh!" sighed the Little Duckling softly. "Isn't that a SWEET song! I think I'LL sing that way!"



But do you suppose the Little Duckling could sing "Tweet-tweet"?

No, indeed!

He tried his very best, but all he could say was:

"Tw-ack! Tw-ack!"

And that wasn't SWEET at all!

So the Little Duckling waddled on and on, and after a time he saw a Big Cow.

"Moo-o-o!" said the Big Cow.

"O-o-oh!" thought the Little Duckling. "Isn't that a BEA-U-TIFUL roar! I think I'LL roar that way!"

But do you suppose the Little Duckling could say "Moo-o-o"?

No, indeed!

He tried, but all he could manage was:

"M-ack! M-ack!"

And that wasn't BEA-U-TIFUL at all!

The Little Duckling was very sad.

He could not say "Me-ow" like the Kitty Cat.

He could not say "Bow-wow" like the Puppy Dog.

He could not say "Tweet-tweet" like the Little Bird.

He could not say "Moo-o-o" like the Big Cow.

He waddled slowly on and on. All at once he saw his own Mother Duck coming toward him along the Barnyard Road.

"Quack! Quack!" cried Mother Duck.

"O-o-oh!" whispered the Little Duckling happily to himself. "That's the PRETTIEST sound in the whole Wide World! I think I'll talk THAT way!"

And he found that he could say:

"Quack! Quack!" very nicely!

IN THE BATH

HOW do the little fishes know how to steer
When they're swimming around in the sea?
Why couldn't I have a nice fish here
To swim in the bath with me?
Why do my feet go up, do you s'pose,
While my head goes bobbing about?
Why don't *I* go where the water goes
When the stopper is taken out?

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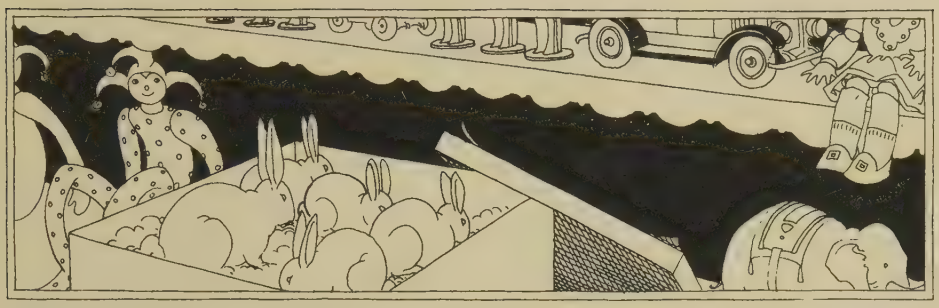
ETHEL M. KELLEY

THE MOUSE

HE climbed up the candlestick,
The little mousey brown,
To steal and eat the tallow,
And he couldn't get down,
And he couldn't get down.
He called for his grandma,
But his grandma was in town,
So he doubled up into a wheel
And rolled himself down.

ISAAC TAYLOR HEADLAND

Used by permission, from *Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes*, by Isaac Taylor Headland, New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.



THE CHINA RABBIT FAMILY

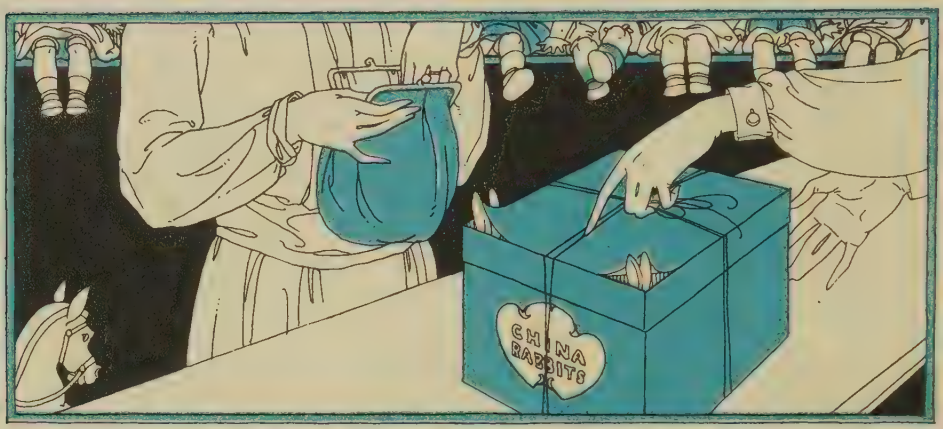
EMILIE POULSSON

MRS. CHINA RABBIT and her four little rabbits were very much crowded. They lived in a small pasteboard box, and there was scarcely room for their legs and paws. As for their long ears—why, Mrs. China Rabbit and Hoppit actually had to poke theirs through the broken corners of the top!

"Be patient, my children," the mother would say. "This cannot last always; and we ought to be thankful that we have this soft cotton to lie on, at any rate."

It is no wonder that the little China Rabbits grumbled. How would you like to live in a house so small that you had to lie just the way you would fit in best, whether it was comfortable or not?

From *In the Child's World*, by Emilie Poulsson. Springfield, Mass.: Milton Bradley Co.



The shabby pasteboard box filled with the China Rabbits was in a toy shop. Furthermore, the toy shop was near Baby Bun's house. More than that, Baby Bun's mamma went into the toy shop one day. And, best of all, she bought the whole China Rabbit family!

When she reached home she gave them to the cook, and the cook smiled and nodded, and said: "Oh, yes'm! I'll do it with pleasure for the little boy, bless his heart!" And she immediately went to work to bake a cake.

Mrs. China Rabbit and Hoppit and the other China Rabbits were soon taken out of their crowded house. The cook gave them a good bath, and then she put each in a bed of cake dough, in a tiny tin, and set all the tins in the oven of the big kitchen stove.

When the oven door was shut, and the cook could not hear, Mrs. China Rabbit called out: "Hoppit, my child!"

"Here I am, Mother!" said Hoppit. "Is Chubby here?" asked Mrs. China Rabbit. "Yes, here I am," said Chubby. "I'm in a bed of nice cake dough, Mother."

"And Johnny Jumper?" "Yes," Johnny Jumper answered, and so also did Tiny, the baby.

"This is well," said Mrs. China Rabbit. "Are you all comfortable?"

"Oh, it is delightful!" said the children.

As the cakes began to bake, however, Mrs. China Rabbit and the children found it rather warm. They had never felt such heat. They almost wished themselves back in the pasteboard box. "For at least the ventilation was good!" gasped Hoppit.

Just as they thought they would die of the heat, the oven door opened with a clang. "They're just done beautiful!" they heard the cook say; and soon all the little cakes were cooling on the pantry shelf, and the China Rabbit family quickly revived.

"Shall we live here always, Mother?" asked Chubby.

"I do not know, my dear," said Mrs. China Rabbit, "but let us enjoy it while we may. These are sweet little homes."

"Yes, I've tasted mine," said Johnny Jumper, smacking his lips.

At this all the China Rabbits began to nibble the

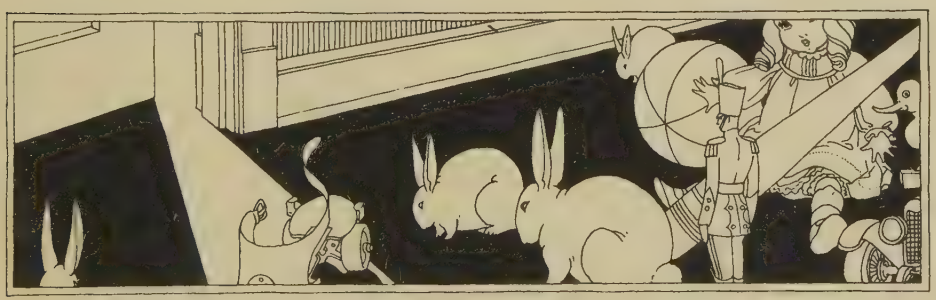
cake. "No one will grudge us a little lunch, I am sure," the mother said.

Very soon the cook put the cakes on a pretty plate and sent them to the nursery. Baby and his brothers and sisters were having a tea party; and when the children had eaten their bread and butter, they each had one of the "fairy cakes," as Baby's mamma called them.

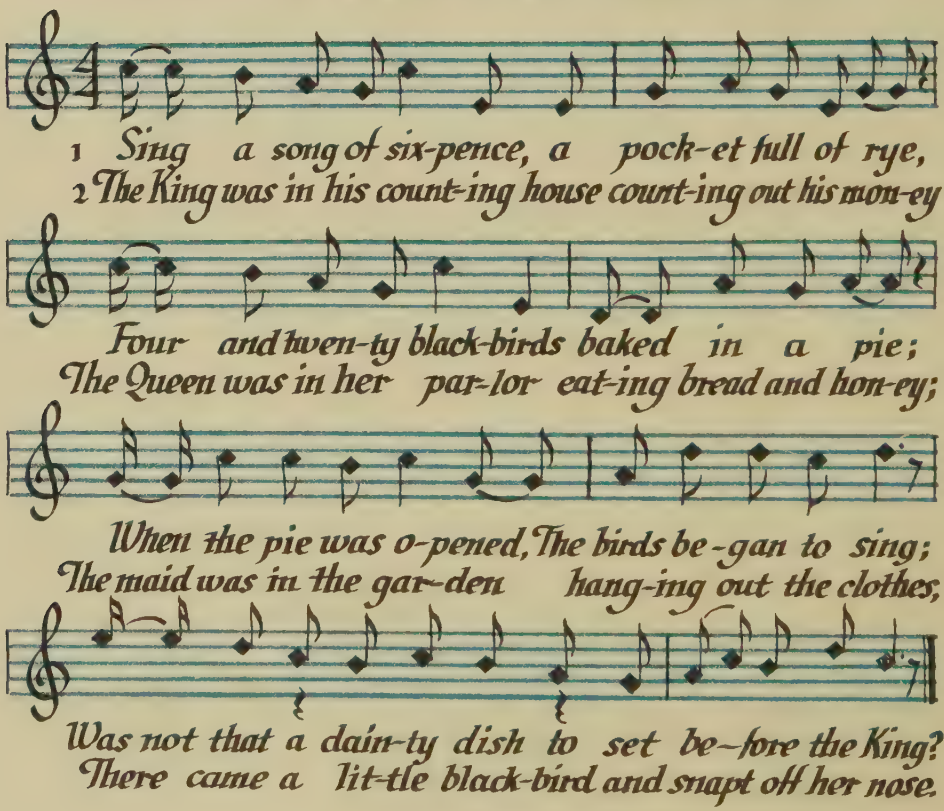
"Oh! There's something hard in my cake!" said Baby, who had taken a big bite. "So there is in mine!" "And mine!" "And mine!" shouted the other children.

You know what they had found, don't you?

Yes! Of course it was Mrs. China Rabbit, and Hop-pit, and Chubby, and Johnny Jumper, and Tiny! And the China Rabbit family lived happily ever after among the other playthings in the nursery toy closet.



SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE


1 Sing a song of six-pence, a pock-et full of rye,
2 The King was in his count-ing house count-ing out his mon-ey
Four and twen-ty black-birds baked in a pie;
The Queen was in her par-lor eat-ing bread and hon-ey;
When the pie was o-pened, The birds be-gan to sing;
The maid was in the gar-den hang-ing out the clothes,
Was not that a dain-ty dish to set be-fore the King?
There came a lit-tle black-bird and snapt off her nose.

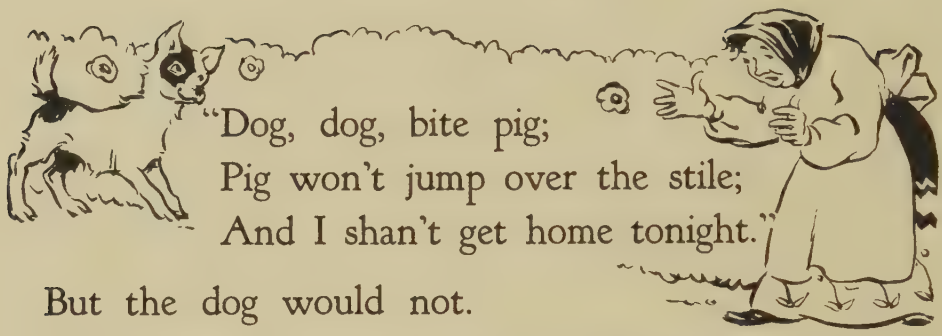
THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG

ONE morning when an old woman was sweeping her house, she found a little crooked sixpence.

"What shall I do with this little sixpence?" she asked. "I will go to market and buy a little pig."

So off she went to market and bought a fat piggy and started home, driving the pig in front of her. Pretty soon she came to a stile. But the piggy would not jump over the stile.

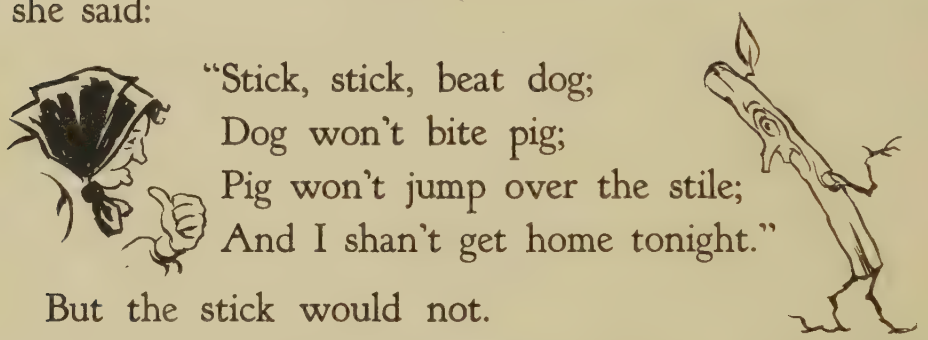
She went on a little farther, and walking down the highroad she met a dog. So she said to the dog:



"Dog, dog, bite pig;
Pig won't jump over the stile;
And I shan't get home tonight."

But the dog would not.

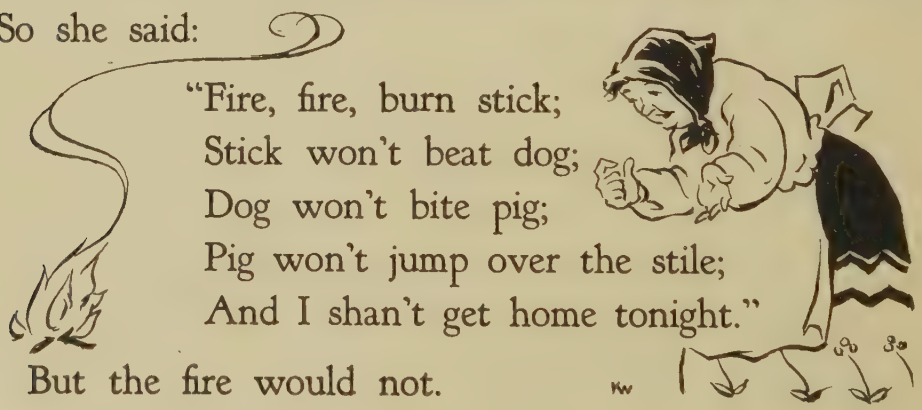
She went a little farther, and she met a stick. So she said:



"Stick, stick, beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't jump over the stile;
And I shan't get home tonight."

But the stick would not.

She went a little farther, and she came to a fire. So she said:

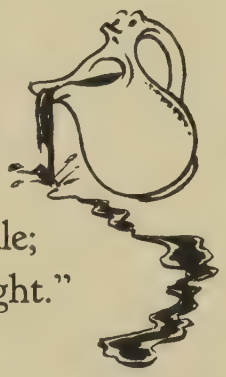


"Fire, fire, burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't jump over the stile;
And I shan't get home tonight."

But the fire would not.

She went a little farther, and she came to some water. So she said:

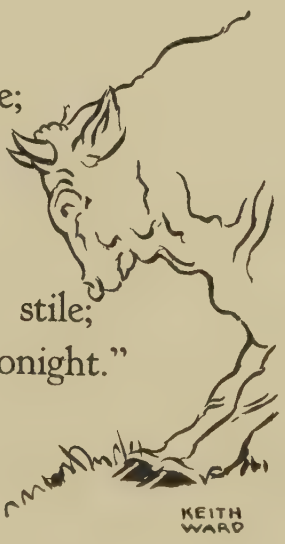
"Water, water, quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't jump over the stile;
And I shan't get home tonight."



But the water would not.

She went a little farther, and she met an ox. So she said:

"Ox, ox, drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't jump over the stile;
And I shan't get home tonight."



But the ox would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a butcher. So she said:

"Butcher, butcher, drive ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't jump over the stile;
And I shan't get home tonight."

But the butcher would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a rope. So she said:

"Rope, rope, tie butcher;
Butcher won't drive ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't jump over the stile;
And I shan't get home tonight."

But the rope would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a rat. So she said:

"Rat, rat, gnaw rope;
Rope won't tie butcher;
Butcher won't drive ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't jump over the stile;
And I shan't get home tonight."

But the rat would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a cat. So she said:

"Cat, cat, catch rat;
Rat won't gnaw rope;
Rope won't tie butcher;
Butcher won't drive ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;

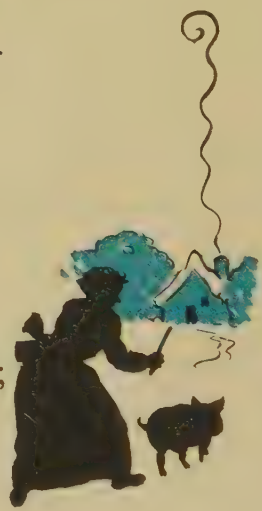
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't jump over the stile;
And I shan't get home tonight."

But the cat said to her, "If you will go to the cow over in the meadow, and bring me a saucer of milk, I will catch the rat." So away went the old woman to the cow.

But the cow said to her: "If you will go to that haystack, and bring me an armful of hay, I will give you the milk." So away went the old woman to the haystack, and she brought the hay to the cow.

As soon as the cow had eaten the hay, she gave the old woman the milk. And away went the old woman with the saucer of milk for the cat.

The cat lapped up the milk. Then—
The cat began to catch the rat;
The rat began to gnaw the rope;
The rope began to tie the butcher;
The butcher began to drive the ox;
The ox began to drink the water;
The water began to quench the fire;
The fire began to burn the stick;
The stick began to beat the dog;
The dog began to bite the pig;
The little pig in a fright jumped over the stile;
And so the old woman at last got home that night.



LITTLE WIND

LITTLE wind, blow on the hill-top,
Little wind, blow down the plain;
Little wind, blow up the sunshine,
Little wind, blow off the rain.

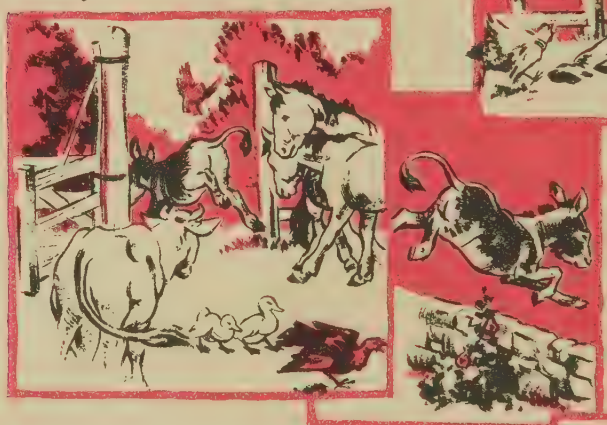
KATE GREENAWAY

From *Under the Window*. New York: Frederick Warne & Co., Ltd.

LITTLE DONKEY GRAY

LITTLE, long-eared Donkey Gray
Decided he would run away—

So one day, when the barn door was left open, out he ran. Across the barnyard he clattered,



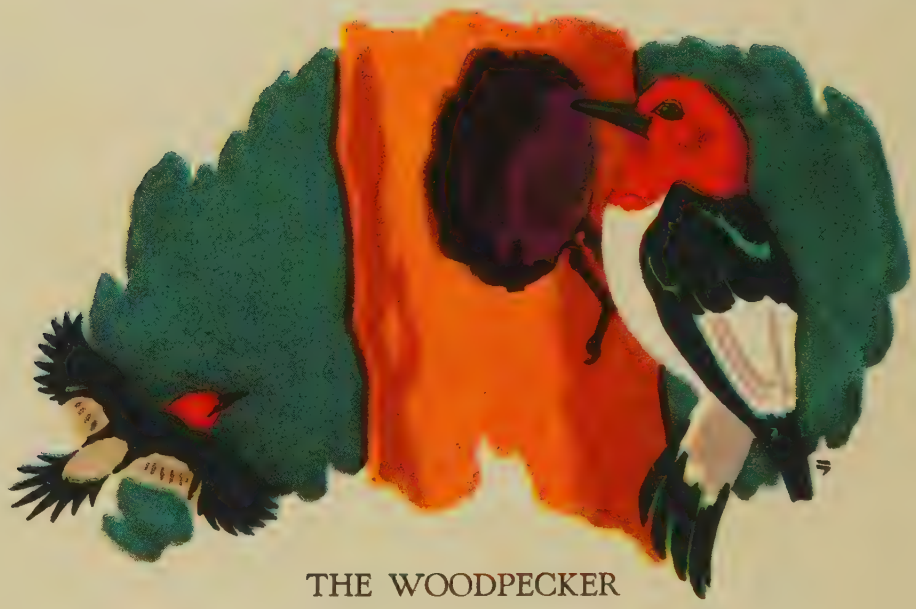
through the gate, past the chickens, ducks, turkeys, the two horses, and the cow—

over the garden wall—
down the road—
across the field—
splash! through the brook—
past the schoolhouse—

Away he ran, and ran and ran, and ran and ran, and ran and ran-n-n-n-n.

Until finally he ran himself almost out of breath. Then he wanted to stop and rest. Rover, the dog, came barking and nipping at his heels, so—

He ran and he ran and he ran some more, Till he ran right back through the open door. And he thought to himself as he munched his hay, "What a donkey I was to run away!"



THE WOODPECKER

THE woodpecker pecked out a little round hole,
And made him a house in the telephone pole.

One day when I watched he poked out his head,
And he had on a hood and a collar of red.

When the streams of rain pour out of the sky,
And the sparkles of lightning go flashing by,

And the big, big wheels of thunder roll,
He can snuggle back in the telephone pole.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

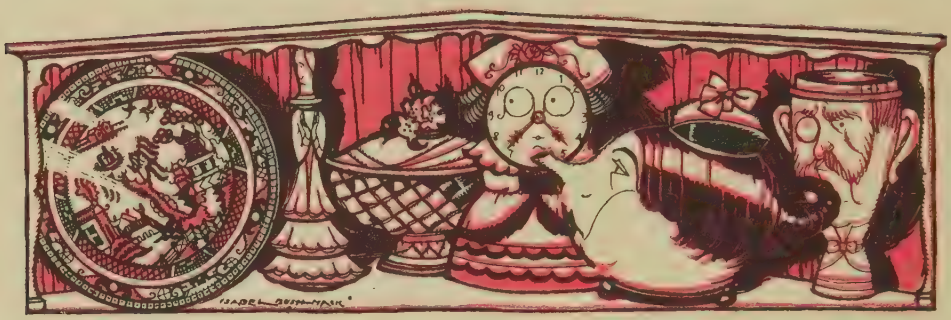
From *Under the Tree*, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. New York: The Viking Press. Copyright 1922, by B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

THE JUMPING ROPE

SUGAR—Salt—Pepper—Mustard—Vinegar! The little rope was lazy and did not like to turn fast.

Sugar, Salt, Pepper! Mustard!! Vinegar!!!—the little girls turned the rope faster and faster, and each little girl jumped until the rope went so fast that it tripped her. Soon they had all been caught, so they put the rope in a corner and went away.

"Dear me," the little rope said, "If I had not been lazy I could have caught them all long ago and not had to work so long."



LITTLE-BLUE-WILLOW-PLATE

DAHRIS BUTTERWORTH MARTIN

THE Little-Blue-Willow-Plate lived in the Corner-Cupboard. Other things lived in the Corner-Cupboard, too. Oh, dear me, yes! There were quite ex-traor-di-na-ry things. There was Red-Tea-Pot that turned up its little spout-nose with such an air. There was Silver-Mug—not an ordinary Silver-Mug, mind you. And there was Crystal-Rose-Bowl. She was all rainbowy and lovely in the firelight. Cologne-Bottle was there, too, with her fine gold cap, to say nothing of Pink-China-Clock! Never mind if it did sing out six o'clock when it *meant* bedtime. It was an ex-traor-dinary—a very ex-traor-di-nary Pink-China-Clock, you must know, no matter how it struck the hours.

By permission of the author

And then, of course, there was Little-Blue-Willow-Plate. He was quite a common thing, the others thought. He had curious blue things all over him. He had little blue houses with peaked roofs. He had also little blue trees with blue apples that looked for all the world like balloons on a stem. Then there were little blue bridges over little blue rivers and—I declare—little blue men trotting across. And over the little blue bridges and houses and trees were two blue birdies with their blue beaks close together.

"Dear me! Such a *common* creature!" snapped Red-Tea-Pot.

"Such a *crazy* creature!" Silver-Mug said.

"Such an *ugly* creature!" declared Crystal-Rose-Bowl, thinking of her *own* beauty.

"Such a queer creature!" cried Cologne-Bottle. While Pink China-Clock just made an ugly face and clasped her hands, which was quite as if she had said, "That common thing is out of place. We are all fine and dainty. His place is in the kitchen among the pots and pans!"

One day the Corner-Cupboard folk were chattering

among themselves. Blue-Willow-Plate listened quietly in his place against the shelf.

The Red-Tea-Pot began, "I am both useful and beautiful. No other tea-pot could take my place. Little Madame cannot do without me!"

Silver-Mug, not to be outdone, said in the lordliest way, "I am silver. *Solid Silver*, I tell you! The lips of little princesses have touched me. Read my engraving! Behold my Royal Crest!"

"Ah," murmured Crystal-Rose-Bowl. "I shouldn't want a Royal Crest. I have held the roses of a hundred summers. Just see how the firelight sets my colors dancing. They are the spirits of all those withered roses."

"Nonsense!" cried Cologne-Bottle, who had stood it long enough. "I have scented the gowns of grand ladies. One drop

of me is worth all of you. I hold the fragrance of a garden of violets. Gracious! Why can't you understand?"

"Fie upon you all!" scolded Pink-China-Clock. "I was made in Switzerland. Who of you can say that? Kings have looked into my face for the time o' day. Ah me! To think I have come to live in a Corner-Cupboard!"

Then because Red-Tea-Pot, Silver-Mug, Crystal-Rose-Bowl, Cologne-Bottle and Pink-China-Clock had seen better days, each and every one said, "Ah me! Ah me! Ahhhh me!" It sounded like sighing winds.

Now the Little-Blue-Willow-Plate had been listening all this time. He felt sorry from the bottom of his little blue heart. *For, if he had a heart, I'm sure it must have been blue.*

So he said, "You poor dear things, you poor dear things!"

At that, Red-Tea-Pot, Silver-Mug, Cologne-Bottle, Crystal-Rose-Bowl, and Pink-China-Clock sat up very stiff and straight. They had almost forgotten Little-Blue-Willow-Plate. Almost, but *not quite!*

And then—if you'll believe me—Red-Tea-Pot said this: "Tut, tut! Who are you but a common serving dish? Kitchen Crockery! *Tut! Tut! Tut!*" And—if you *will* believe me—the others said in the same unkind way, "Kitchen Crockery! *Tut! Tut! Tut!*"

Just then the wee glass door of the Corner-Cupboard was opened. Little Madame was taking out—the Blue-Willow-Plate! Two little voices cried, "Oh, what a sweet little dish! Tell us about it, Little Madame!" The two little voices belonged to two little girls.

Little Madame held the Blue-Willow-Plate ever so

carefully. How shiny and round it was in the fire-light! Then she told a wondrous story—all about that Blue-Willow-Plate. She told them all about those little blue houses and bridges and trees and birds and the little men crossing the bridge. Oh yes, and she told them all about the *prettiest* little princess!

It was such a wondrous story the little girls said "Ohs" and "Ahs" with very round mouths.

"Now," finished Little Madame, "we shall fill Blue-Willow-Plate with cookies and have a tea-party." And you know how little girls like tea-parties!

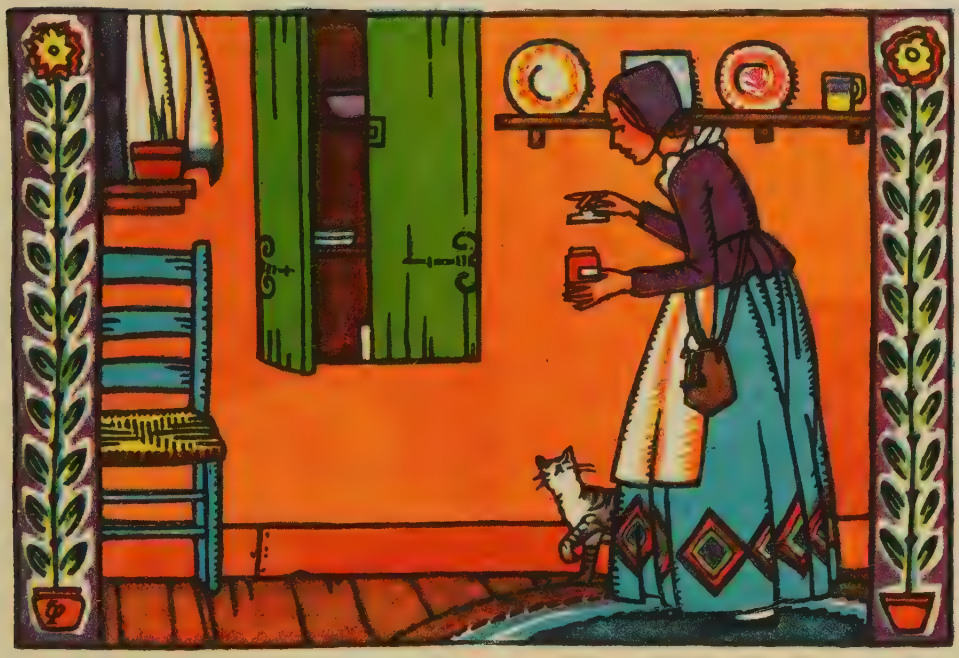
I suppose you think that the Blue-Willow-Plate was put back in the Corner-Cupboard? *Well, it wasn't.* Forever after that Little Blue-Willow-Plate lived on the friendly mantelpiece. And everybody who came to Little Madame's said: "What a dear little plate!"

BALLOONS

RED balls and blue balls,
See how they swing,
Dancing like bubbles,
Strung on a string!

Life would be happy
With never a care,
Were I the balloon man
In Washington Square.

O. MUIRIEL FULLER



TEENY-TINY

ONCE upon a time there was a teeny-tiny woman who lived in a teeny-tiny house in a teeny-tiny village. Now, one day this teeny-tiny woman put on her teeny-tiny bonnet and went out of her teeny-tiny house to take a teeny-tiny walk. And when this teeny-tiny woman had gone a teeny-tiny way she came to a teeny-tiny gate; and the teeny-tiny woman opened the teeny-tiny gate and

went into a teeny-tiny yard. And when the teeny-tiny woman had gone into the teeny-tiny yard she saw a teeny-tiny teakettle lid on a teeny-tiny scrap pile of old tin cans and iron. And the teeny-tiny woman said to her teeny-tiny self, "This teeny-tiny teakettle lid will fit on my teeny-tiny jam jar to keep my teeny-tiny jam fresh."

So the teeny-tiny woman carried the teeny-tiny teakettle lid to her teeny-tiny house. And when the teeny-tiny woman got home to her teeny-tiny house she was a teeny-tiny tired; and she put the teeny-tiny teakettle lid on her teeny-tiny jam jar in her teeny-tiny cupboard and went up her teeny-tiny stairs to her teeny-tiny room. Then she went to sleep in her teeny-tiny bed. And when she had been asleep a teeny-tiny time she was awakened by a teeny-tiny voice which said:—

"Give me my teakettle lid!"

And the teeny-tiny woman was a teeny-tiny bit frightened. So she hid her teeny-tiny head under the teeny-tiny clothes and went to sleep again. And when she had been asleep for a teeny-tiny time, the teeny-

tiny voice, like a teeny-tiny teakettle's teeny-tiny hiss, cried out again a teeny-tiny louder:—

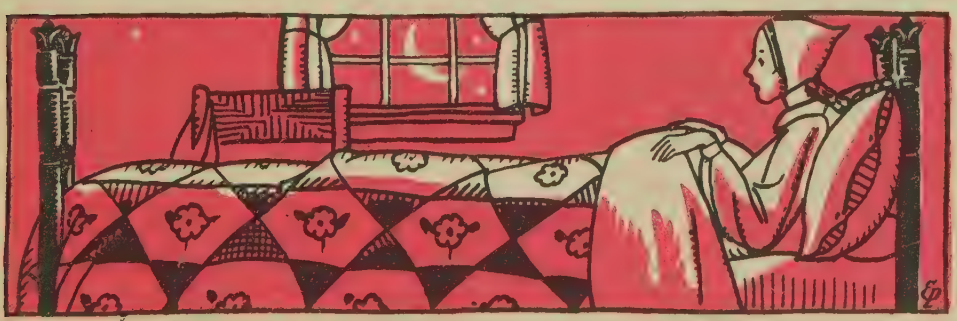
"Give me my teakettle lid!"

This made the teeny-tiny woman a teeny-tiny more frightened. So she hid her teeny-tiny head a teeny-tiny farther under the teeny-tiny clothes. And when the teeny-tiny woman had been asleep again a teeny-tiny time, the teeny-tiny voice, like a teeny-tiny teakettle singing on a teeny-tiny stove, cried out again a teeny-tiny louder:—

"Give me my teakettle lid!"

And the teeny-tiny woman was a teeny-tiny bit more frightened; but she put her teeny-tiny head out of the teeny-tiny clothes and said in her loudest teeny-tiny voice:—

"TAKE IT!"



THE CUPBOARD

I KNOW a little cupboard,
With a teeny tiny key,
And there's a jar of Lollypops
For me, me, me.

It has a little shelf, my dear,
As dark as dark can be,
And there's a dish of Banbury Cakes
For me, me, me.

I have a small fat grandmamma,
With a very slippery knee,
And she's Keeper of the Cupboard
With the key, key, key.

And when I'm very good, my dear,
As good as good can be,
There's Banbury Cakes and Lollypops
For me, me, me.

WALTER DE LA MARE

From *Peacock Pie*, by Walter de la Mare. By permission of Henry Holt and Company, publishers, New York.

THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT

BEATRIX POTTER

ONCE upon a time there were four little Rabbits, and their names were—

Flopsy,

Mopsy,

and Peter.

Cotton-tail,

They lived with their mother in a sand bank, underneath the root of a very big fir-tree.

From *The Tale of Peter Rabbit*. New York: Frederick Warne & Co., Ltd., publishers of the ORIGINAL *Peter Rabbit*.

"Now, my dears," said Mrs. Rabbit one morning, "you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden; your Father had an accident there; he was put in a pie by Mrs. McGregor. Now run along, and don't get into mischief. I am going out."

Then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and her umbrella and went through the wood to the baker's. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns.

Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail, who were good little bunnies, went down the lane to gather blackberries; but Peter, who was very naughty, ran straight away to Mr. McGregor's garden, and squeezed under the gate!

First he ate some lettuces and some French beans; and then he ate some radishes; and then, feeling rather sick, he went to look for some parsley.

But round the end of the cucumber frame, whom should he meet but—Mr. McGregor!

Mr. McGregor was on his hands and knees planting out young cabbages, but he jumped up and ran after Peter, waving a rake and calling out, "Stop, thief!"

Peter was most dreadfully frightened; he rushed all

over the garden, for he had forgotten the way back to the gate. He lost one of his shoes among the cabbages, and the other shoe among the potatoes.

After losing them, he ran on four legs and went faster, so that I think he might have got away altogether if he had not unfortunately run into a gooseberry net, and got caught by the large buttons on his jacket. It was a blue jacket with brass buttons, quite new.

Peter gave himself up for lost, and shed big tears; but his sobs were overheard by some friendly sparrows, who flew to him in great excitement, and implored him to exert himself.

Mr. McGregor came up with a sieve, which he had intended to pop upon the top of Peter; but Peter wriggled out just in time, leaving his jacket behind him.

He rushed into the tool-shed, and jumped into a can. It would have been a beautiful thing to hide in if it had not had so much water in it.

Mr. McGregor was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the tool-shed, perhaps hidden underneath a flowerpot. He began to turn them over very carefully, looking under each flowerpot in turn.

Presently Peter sneezed—"Kertyschoo!" Mr. McGregor was after him in no time and tried to put his foot upon Peter, who jumped out of a window, upsetting three plants. The window was too small for Mr. McGregor, and he was tired of running after Peter. He went back to his work.

Peter sat down to rest; he was out of breath and trembling with fright, and he had not the least idea which way to go. Also he was very damp with sitting in that can.

After a time he began to wander about, going lippity-lippity—not very fast, and looking all around.

He found a door in a wall; but it was locked, and there was no room for a fat little rabbit to squeeze underneath.

An old mouse was running in and out over the stone doorstep, carrying peas and beans to her family in the wood. Peter asked her the way to the gate, but she had such a large pea in her mouth that she could not

answer. She only shook her head at him. Peter began to cry.

Then he tried to find his way across the garden, but he became more and more puzzled. Presently, he came to a pond where Mr. McGregor filled his water-cans.

A white cat was staring at some goldfish; she sat very, very still, but now and then the tip of her tail twitched as if it were alive. Peter thought it best to go away without speaking to her; he had heard about cats from his cousin, little Benjamin Bunny.

He went back towards the tool-shed, but suddenly, quite close to him, he heard the noise of a hoe—sc-r-ritch, scratch, scratch, scritch. Peter scuttered underneath the bushes.

But presently, as nothing happened, he came out, and climbed upon a wheelbarrow, and peeped over. The first thing he saw was Mr. McGregor hoeing onions. His back was turned toward Peter, and beyond him was the gate!

Peter got down very quietly off the wheelbarrow, and started running as fast as he could go, along a straight walk behind some black-currant bushes.

Mr. McGregor caught sight of him at the corner, but Peter didn't care. He slipped underneath the gate, and was safe at last in the wood outside the garden.

Mr. McGregor hung up the little jacket and the shoes for a scarecrow to frighten the blackbirds.

Peter never stopped running or looked behind him till he got home to the big fir-tree.

He was so tired that he flopped down upon the nice soft sand on the floor of the rabbit-hole, and shut his eyes. His mother was busy cooking; she wondered what he had done with his clothes. It was the second little jacket and pair of shoes that Peter had lost in a fortnight!

I am sorry to say that Peter was not very well during the evening. His mother put him to bed, and made some camomile tea; and gave a dose to Peter!

"One tablespoonful to be taken at bedtime."

But

Flopsy,

Mopsy,

and Cotton-tail

had bread and milk and blackberries for their supper.

THE TEA PARTY

A LITTLE girl asked some kittens to tea
To meet some dolls from France;
And the mother came, too, to enjoy a view
And afterwards play for the dance.
But the kittens were rude and grabbed their food
And treated the dolls with jeers,
Which caused their mother an aching heart
And seven or eight large tears.

J. G. FRANCIS

From *A Book of Cheerful Cats and Other Animated Animals.* New York: The Century Co.

THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF

Adapted

ONCE upon a time there were three Billy Goats whose last name was Gruff. They wanted to go up to the nice green hillside to make themselves fat on the sweet grass that grew there. To go up the hill they first had to cross a bridge over a river. Under

this bridge lived a big ugly Troll, with eyes like dinner-plates and a nose like a crooked stick.

The smallest Billy Goat Gruff crossed the bridge first. "Pitty-pat, pitty-pat," went his little hoofs over the bridge.

"WHO'S CROSSING MY BRIDGE?"

bellowed the Troll in an e-nor-mous voice.

"It is only I," said the smallest Billy Goat Gruff in a wee voice. "I'm going up to the hillside to eat sweet grass and make myself fat."

"I'm going to eat you up!" said the Troll from under the bridge.

"Oh, please don't," said the smallest Billy Goat Gruff. "I'm so little. Wait a bit until the second Billy Goat Gruff comes. He's much bigger than I."

"Well, then, get off my bridge," said the Troll.

After awhile the second Billy Goat Gruff crossed the bridge. "Pat-a-pat, pat-a-pat," went his larger hoofs over the bridge.

"WHO'S CROSSING MY BRIDGE?"

roared the Troll in a voice that shook the bridge.

"It's the second Billy Goat Gruff," said a middle-sized voice. "I'm going up to the hillside to eat sweet grass and make myself fat."

"I'm going to eat you up!" said the Troll from under the bridge.

"Oh, please don't," said the second Billy Goat Gruff. "Wait until the big Billy Goat Gruff comes. He's much bigger than I."

"Well, then, get off my bridge," said the Troll.

Then up came the big Billy Goat Gruff. "Clop, clop! Clop, clop!" went his great big hoofs over the bridge, and the bridge trembled and shook.

"WHO'S CROSSING MY BRIDGE?"

shouted the Troll, for by this time he was very angry.

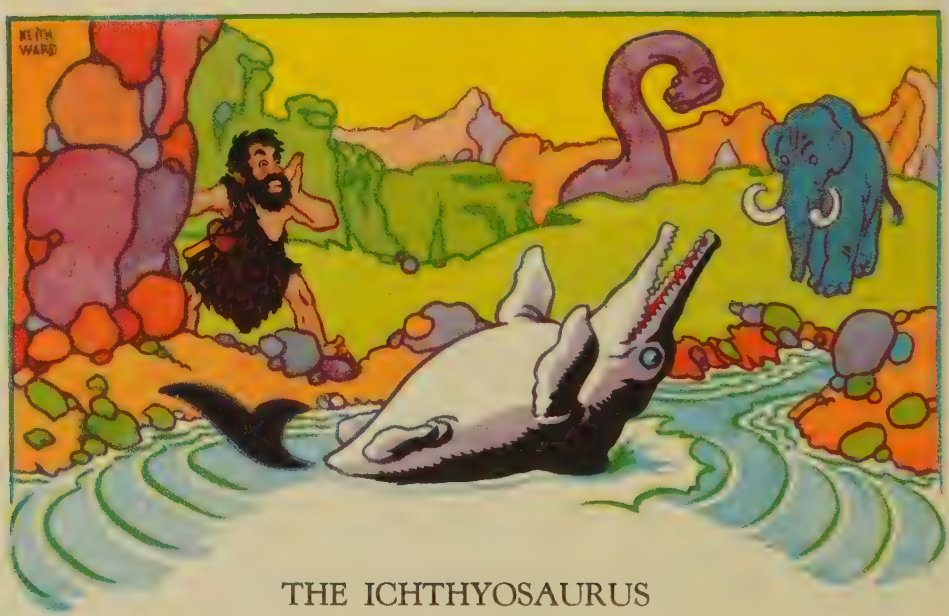
"It's I—The big Billy Goat Gruff!" said the big Billy Goat Gruff in a big deep voice.

"Now I *am* coming to eat you up!" And the Troll came up from under the bridge.

But without another word big Billy Goat Gruff ran at the Troll. He butted him over with his horns, and

tossed him into the river. And that was the end of the Troll.

So the three Billy Goats Gruff went up to the hillside in peace and ate the sweet grass all summer long until they grew just as fat as butter.



THE ICHTHYOSAURUS

THERE once was an Ichthyosaurus,
Who lived when the earth was all porous,
But he fainted with shame
When he first heard his name,
And departed a long time before us.

Author Unknown

DAISIES

AT evening when I go to bed,
I see the stars shine overhead:
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go:
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all, and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

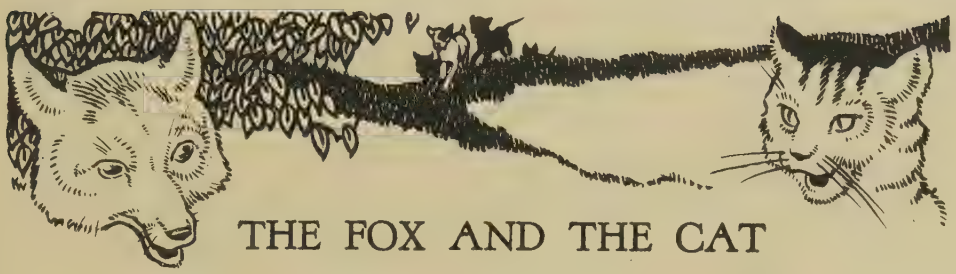
From *Little Folk Lyrics*. Used by permission of, and by arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

I LIKE LITTLE PUSSY

I LIKE little pussy,
Her coat is so warm;
And if I don't hurt her
She'll do me no harm.
So I'll not pull her tail,
Nor drive her away,
But Pussy and I
Very gently will play;
She shall sit by my side,
And I'll give her some food;
And she'll love me because
I am gentle and good.

I'll pat little Pussy,
And then she will purr,
And thus show her thanks
For my kindness to her;
I'll not pinch her ears,
Nor tread on her paw,
Lest I should provoke her
To use her sharp claw;
I never will vex her,
Nor make her displeased,
For Pussy can't bear
To be worried or teased.

JANE TAYLOR



THE FOX AND THE CAT

Aesop

ONE day a Fox was telling a Cat of the clever tricks it knew for getting away from its enemies.

"I know a hundred ways of fooling people when they are chasing me," said the Fox.

"I have only one," the Cat replied, "but I always get away from people with that one trick."

Just then they heard the cry of a pack of hounds coming toward them. The Cat ran up a tree and hid herself in the thick green leaves.

"This is my plan," said the Cat. "What are you going to do?"

The Fox first thought of one way, then of another; while he was trying to decide, the dogs came nearer and nearer, and he was caught. The Cat, watching from her tree, said: "Better to know one safe way than a hundred of which you are not sure."

THE STORY OF THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

IN a large forest, under big oak trees full of acorns, there once lived a family of pigs. There was the mother pig, with her three children, Pinky, Porky, and Curly. They were all happy and contented until one day the mother pig, calling her little ones around her, said, with tears in her eyes, "My children, we have come to the last of our acorns. You must go out into the big world and seek your fortune."

So she kissed them good-bye, and the little pigs set

out, each carrying an extra shirt and collar in a red pocket handkerchief that was tied on the end of a stick, and each going a different way.

Pinky had gone two miles down his road when he met a man with a wagonload of straw. "Mr. Man," said Pinky, "will you give me some straw to build a house?" So the man gave him the straw, and Pinky spent all day building a little house on the edge of the forest. He finished just at dusk and then got ready to go to bed.

Night came. All the great forest was silent. Softly a shadow moved along the dark paths until it stopped at the edge of the trees. It was the old Fox that lived in the deep wood and went out at night looking for little piggies to eat.

"Rap, rap, rap!" at the door of Pinky's house.

"Who's there?" the little pig asked, frightened.

A deep, rough voice said, "Oh, little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin."

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in!"

So the Fox huffed, and he puffed, and he blew the house in, and ate up the little pig, even to his curly tail.

Porky meanwhile had gone on his way, and after walking about five miles he met a man driving a big load of evergreen boughs. "Mr. Man," said Porky, "please give me enough of those boughs to build me a house." So the man gave the little pig a lot of pretty green branches, and Porky set to work to build a house. It was done very soon, and Porky lay down to sleep beneath a roof of sweet green needles.

Night came. Just as the white moon was rising slowly above the treetops, and two stars twinkled in the sky, the Fox crept out of the forest toward the little house.

"Rap, rap, rap!" on the door of the evergreen cottage.

"Who's there?" cried Porky, frightened.

"Oh, little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin."

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in!"

So the Fox huffed, and he puffed, and he blew the

house in, and gobbled up Porky until there was not so much as a hair left.

Now Curly had had to travel a long way before he met anybody. But by and by he met a man driving a big load of bricks. "Mr. Man," begged Curly, "please give me enough bricks to build a house." So the man gave the little pig some bricks, and Curly set to work and built a cozy house close to the road, yet not far from the great forest.

Night came, and with it the Fox. He rapped heavily on the front door of the cozy little brick house.

"Oh, little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin."

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in!"

So the Fox huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed, and he huffed, until he was all out of breath. But he couldn't blow the house down. The Fox sat back and thought a long while. Then he said, "Little pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips."

"Where?" asked Curly.

"Two miles up the road, at the farmer's house. If you'll be ready tomorrow morning, I'll come at six o'clock and we can go together."

The next morning at five o'clock Curly was up and away to the turnip-field. He got a fine load of turnips and was back to and inside his house when the Fox came.

"Are you ready, little pig?" asked the Fox.

"Ready!" cried Curly. "Why, I've been up for hours and my turnips are boiling now for dinner."

The Fox was very angry, but he controlled himself and tried to speak in a gentle, friendly way.

"Little pig, I know where there is a tree full of big, red apples."

"Where?" asked Curly.

"Up in the farmer's orchard. If you will wait for me this time, I'll come for you at five o'clock tomorrow morning and we'll get some apples."

The next morning Curly was up at four o'clock, and away he went to the farmer's orchard, where he found a tree full of the juiciest apples that ever a little pig saw. But the Fox was earlier than he had said, and suddenly Curly looked down and saw him at the foot of the tree. He was so frightened he didn't know what he was going to do.

The Fox looked up at Curly with eyes that were as bright as a cat's on a dark night and said,

"Are the apples good, little pig?"

"Oh, yes," said Curly, "I'll throw you one." And he threw an apple as far as he could; and when the Fox ran to get it, Curly slid down the other side of the tree and ran away home as fast as he could.

The next day the Fox came to Curly's house again and said,

"Little pig, there is a fair in town this afternoon. Will you go with me?"

"Yes, indeed," said Curly. "I'll be glad to go. When shall we start?'

"At three," said the Fox.

Long before three o'clock Curly was up and away to the fair. He bought himself a big butter-churn, and started home with it on his back. He was nearly home when he saw the Fox coming. He was dreadfully frightened, for he didn't see how he could escape this time. He was at the top of a big hill and at the bottom was his little brick house. Oh, how he wished he were safely home. Curly climbed into the churn

and the churn started to roll down hill with the little pig inside.

The Fox saw this strange thing rolling toward him and it frightened him so that he turned tail and ran and ran as fast as he could home. Later that evening he came to Curly's house and told him of the large round thing that had chased him down the hill.

"Oh," laughed the little pig, "that was I. I was in the churn and rolled down the hill, right to my little house."

Then the Fox was so angry his hair stood on end and bristled. He bared his white teeth.

"I *will* eat you now, little pig," he said fiercely. And with that he climbed upon the roof and slid down the chimney. But Curly was ready for him. On the fire was a big pot of boiling water. Just as he dropped down the chimney, Curly took the lid off and splash! into the water fell the wicked Fox. Curly had fox stew for supper, and lived happily ever after in his little brick house near the great forest and close to the road that winds to town.

A FARMER WENT RIDING

A FARMER went riding upon his gray mare,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
With his daughter behind him, so rosy and fair,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

Old Folk Rhyme

LONG TIME AGO

ONCE there was a little Kitty,
White as the snow;
In a barn she used to frolic
Long time ago.

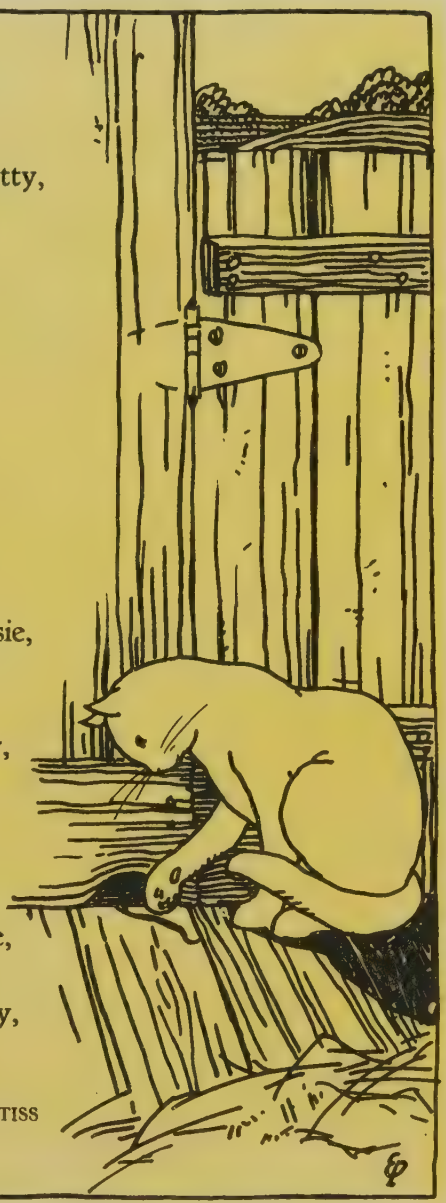
In the barn a little mousie
Ran to and fro;
For she heard the little Kitty,
Long time ago.

Four soft paws had little Kitty,
Paws soft as snow;
And they caught the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Nine pearl teeth had little Kitty,
All in a row;
And they bit the little mousie,
Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousie,
Mousie cried out, "Oh!"
But she slipped away from Kitty,
Long time ago.

ELIZABETH PRENTISS



GEORGE WASHINGTON RABBIT AND HIS GRANNY

Southern Folk Tale

GEORGE WASHINGTON RABBIT was a little boy who had a black, shiny face and kinky hair. He lived with his Mammy at the edge of a big cotton field in the South, and right across the field and down the road 'bout a mile lived George Washington Rabbit's Granny. He went to see his Granny 'most every day, and his Granny always gave him something good to take home to his Mammy.

One day his Granny gave him a big piece of angel

food cake. It was such a *big* piece, 'most half a cake. George Washington Rabbit took it in his little fists and held it tight, all the way home. When he got home what he had in his little hands wasn't fit to eat, no sir, it was so scrunched up and crumbly.

"What you got in your hands, George Washington Rabbit?" asked his Mammy.

"Cake, Mammy," said George Washington Rabbit.

"My goodness," said his Mammy. "I declare, a day-old kitten would have more sense than that. The idea of carrying cake like that. The next time Granny gives you cake, take some nice big oak leaves and wrap up the cake in them, put it in your hat, and put your hat on your head. Then come 'long home."

"All right, Mammy," said George Washington Rabbit.

Next day George Washington Rabbit went to see his Granny. As he neared the cottage he heard a thump, thump, thump, and he knew his Granny was churning butter. He hurried a little faster, for churning meant buttermilk. His little bare black feet padded softly across the cottage floor, as he got a glass from the cupboard. Umm! Good buttermilk. How he did like it!

When he had had a big glass of buttermilk, his Granny gave him a pound of fresh white unsalted butter to take home. George Washington Rabbit thought of what his Mammy had said, so he found some big oak leaves and wrapped them around the butter. Then he put the butter in his hat, his hat on his head, and went 'long home.

It was such a hot day and there was no shade over the big cotton field. Pretty soon the butter began to melt and run down all over the little boy's face and neck and blue overalls. When he got home his Mammy just looked at him.

"What you got there, George Washington Rabbit?" she asked.

"Butter, Mammy," said George Washington Rabbit.

His Mammy threw up her hands. "My goodness gracious," she said. "I declare, a day-old kitten would have more sense than that. That's no way to carry butter. Next time Granny gives you butter, take it down to the spring and put it in the water till it's cool and then hurry on home."

"All right, Mammy," said George Washington Rabbit.

Next day George Washington Rabbit went across the cotton field and down the road to see his Granny. She had a wee fat collie puppy for him. George Washington Rabbit thought of what his Mammy had told him and he took the puppy down to the spring and dipped him in the cool water. "Yi, yi!" said the puppy, for he did not like it.

Then George Washington Rabbit went 'long home in a hurry, holding the puppy tightly in his arms.

"What you got there?" asked his Mammy.

"A puppy dog," said George Washington Rabbit.

"My goodness gracious me," said his Mammy. "Let me see that poor puppy dog. It's half drowned and all shivery. I declare, a day-old kitten would have more sense than that. The way to bring a puppy dog home is to tie a string around its neck and come home slowly, leading the doggie."

"All right," said George Washington Rabbit.

Next day George Washington Rabbit went to see his Granny. Half-way down the road he smelled something good. Sniff, sniff! Ummm! Nice, hot, crusty loaves of bread. Soon his Granny gave him a loaf of bread to take home.

George Washington Rabbit thought of what his Mammy had told him, and he took a piece of string and tied it around the middle of the loaf of bread, and went 'long home, dragging the loaf behind him.

"My goodness gracious mercy me," said his Mammy, when he got home. "What's that thing you're dragging in the dirt?"

"That's bread," said George Washington Rabbit.

"Won't you *ever* have any sense at all, George Washington Rabbit?" asked his Mammy. "I declare, a day-old

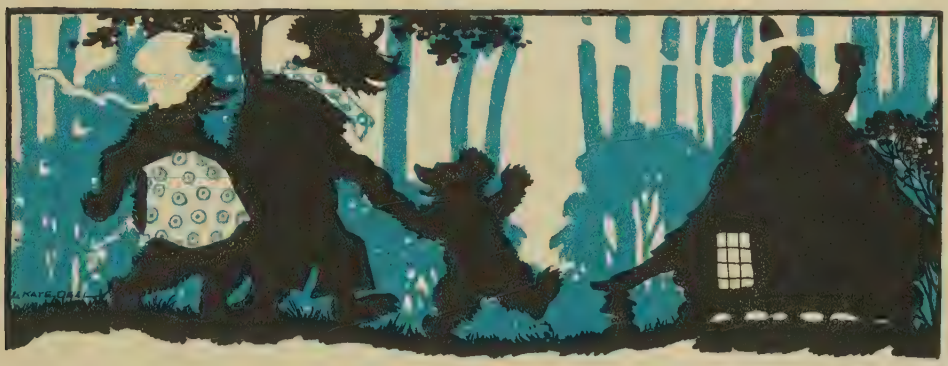
kitten would have more sense than that. I'm through with telling you how to bring home things that Granny gives you. Next time *I'm* going to see Granny and *you* will stay right here at home."

So next day George Washington Rabbit's Mammy put on her red plaid shawl and told George Washington Rabbit to stay right on the front porch while she went across the cotton field and down the road to Granny's. George Washington Rabbit's Mammy had baked three beautiful large apple pies and set them on

the porch steps to cool. How George Washington Rabbit did love apple pie! He looked at them longingly. His Mammy saw the look and she said sharply, "Now George Washington Rabbit, you just mind about those pies, and watch how you step in them."

George Washington Rabbit sighed deeply, and as his Mammy's gay shawl disappeared through the cotton field, he got up and carefully, oh, so carefully, George Washington Rabbit stepped right in the center of each of the three pies!

Nobody ever told what happened to George Washington Rabbit when his Mammy came home and found those pies. Nobody ever told, but somehow, everybody knew just what happened! You do too, don't you?



GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS

ONCE upon a time, in the middle of a beautiful deep green wood, there were Three Bears who lived in a little house all their own. There was a small, *little* bear, a middle-sized bear, and a great, big bear. Each had a bowl for his porridge. A little bowl for the small, *little* bear, a middle-sized bowl for the middle-sized bear, and a big bowl for the great, big bear. And each had a chair to sit in. A little chair for the small, *little* bear, a middle-sized chair for the middle-sized bear, and a big chair for the great, big bear. And each had a bed to sleep in. A little bed for the small, *little* bear, a middle-sized bed for the middle-sized bear, and a big bed for the great, big bear. And each bed had a patch-work coverlet on it.

One day, after they had cooked their breakfast porridge they poured it into their porridge-bowls, and while it was cooling they walked out into the wood. While they were out walking, a little girl called Goldilocks came to the house. First, she looked in the window, and then she opened the door and peeped in. Nobody was in the house, so Goldilocks walked right in without even knocking. The first thing she saw was the three bowls of porridge on the table. If she had been a well-behaved little girl she would have waited until the bears came home, and then perhaps they would have asked her to stay for breakfast. But the porridge looked good and Goldilocks was hungry, so she did not wait.

First, Goldilocks tasted the porridge of the great, big bear, and it was so hot it burned her tongue. Then she tasted the porridge of the middle-sized bear, and that was so cold she did not like it. Then she tasted the porridge of the small, *little* bear, and that was just right. So she ate—it—all—up!

Then Goldilocks sat down in the chair of the great, big bear, but it was too hard and uncomfortable. Then

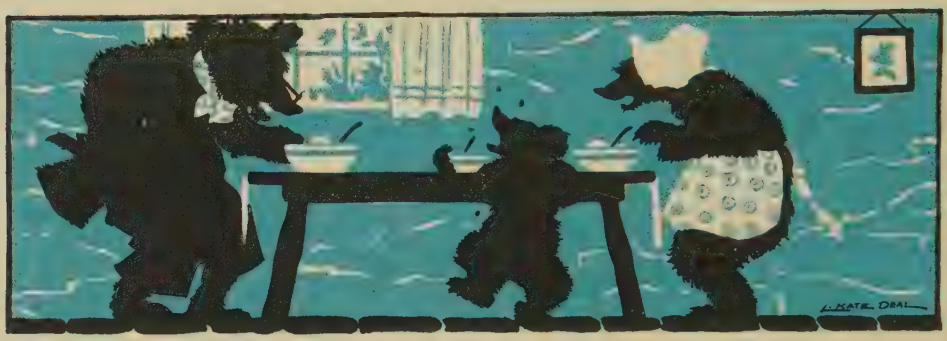
she sat down in the chair of the middle-sized bear, but that was too soft and cushiony for her. Then she sat down in the chair of the small, *little* bear and that was just right. So she stayed there until—suddenly the bottom of the chair fell out, and down she went plop! on the floor.

Then Goldilocks went upstairs into the bedroom where the Three Bears slept. First, she climbed onto the bed of the great, big bear, but that was too high up from the floor. Next she lay down upon the bed of the middle-sized bear, but that was too high, too. Then she lay down upon the bed of the small, *little* bear, and that was just right. So she pulled up the pretty, clean spread to her chin and fell fast asleep.

By this time the Three Bears thought their porridge would be cool enough. So, home they came to breakfast. Now Goldilocks had left the spoon of the great, big bear in his porridge dish.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN EATING
MY PORRIDGE!"

said the great, big bear, in his great, rough, deep voice.



And when the middle-sized bear looked at hers, she saw that the spoon was in her dish, too.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE!"

said the middle-sized bear, in her middle-sized voice.

Then the small, *little* bear looked at his dish, and it was empty!

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE—AND IT'S ALL GONE!"

said the small, *little* bear, in his small, little, shrill voice.

Then the Three Bears knew someone had come into their house and eaten up the small, *little* bear's breakfast. So they began to look about them.

Now Goldilocks had not put the hard cushion straight in the chair of the great, big bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!"

said the great, big bear, in his great, rough, deep voice.

And Goldilocks had left the soft cushions flat in the chair of the middle-sized bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!"

said the middle-sized bear, in her middle-sized voice.

And you know what Goldilocks had done to the littlest chair of all.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR—AND HAS SAT THE BOTTOM OUT OF IT!"

said the small, *little* bear, in his small, little, shrill voice.

Then the Three Bears went upstairs into their bedroom. Now Goldilocks had pulled the pillow of the great, big bear out of its place.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!"

said the great, big bear, in his great, rough, deep voice.

And Goldilocks had pulled down the spread of the middle-sized bear's bed.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!"

said the middle-sized bear, in her middle-sized voice.

And when the small, *little* bear came to look at his bed—there was the pillow in its place and Goldilocks' head lay on the pillow, and the spread was tucked under her chin.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED—AND HERE SHE IS!"

said the small, *little* bear, in his small, little, shrill voice.

Goldilocks had heard in her sleep the great, rough, deep voice of the great, big bear and the middle-sized

voice of the middle-sized bear, but she thought she was dreaming. When she heard the small, little, shrill, voice of the small, *little* bear, it was so sharp and so shrill that it woke her up.

Goldilocks saw the Three Bears standing on one side of the bed, and out she jumped on the other side and ran to the window. It was only a little way to the ground, so she jumped out and ran home as fast as she could. The Three Bears did not see her again, for Goldilocks never went into a house after that where she had not been invited.

POLITELY

WHEN Goldilocks went calling
On the Little Baby Bear
And spoiled his bowl of porridge
And sat holes into his chair—
I hope she hurried home again
For others nice and new
And took them back politely
To the Baby Bear. Don't you?

DIXIE WILLSON

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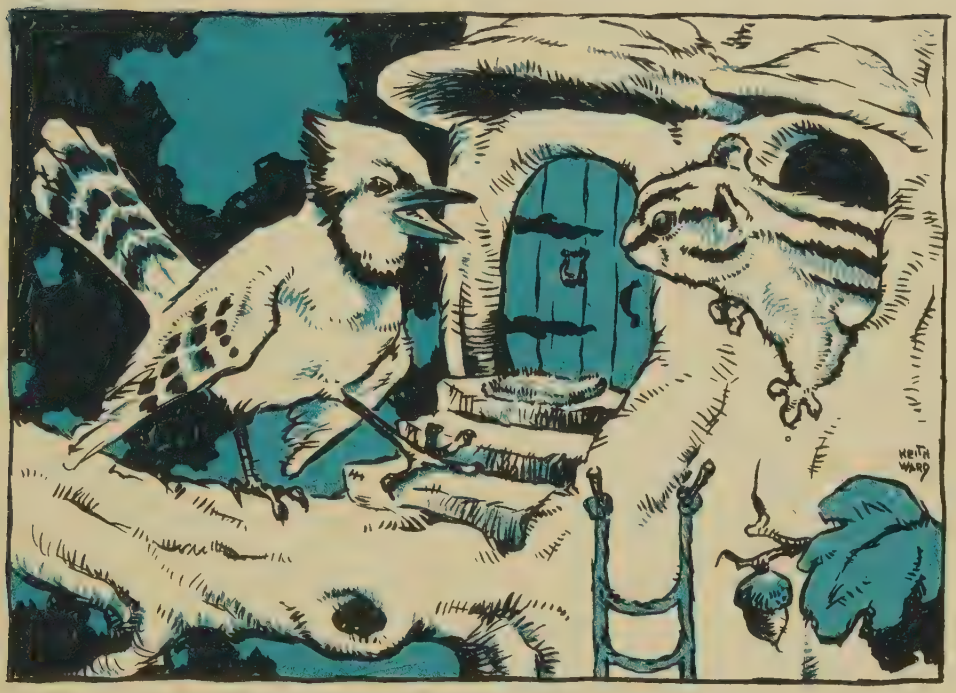
SIMPLE SIMON

1 Sim-ple Si-mon met a pie-man go-ing to the fair, Says
2 Sim-ple Si-mon went a fish-ing for to catch a whale, And
3 Si-mon went to catch a bird, and thought he could not fail, Be-

Sim-ple Si-mon to the pie-man, "Let me taste your ware." Says
all the wa-ter he had got was in his moth-er's pail; Si-
cause he had a pinch of salt to put up-on his tail. When

the pie-man un-to Si-mon, "Show me first your pen-ny." Says
mon made a great snow-ball, and brought it in to roast, He
Si-mon came up close to him, the bird he flew a-way: Says

Sim-ple Si-mon to the pie-man, "Sir, I have not a-ny."
laid it down be-fore the fire, and soon the ball was lost.
Si-mon, "I can-not catch you, be-cause you will not stay."



WHEN THE SKY FELL

ONCE upon a time, in the big green woods, there lived a noisy Bluejay. He talked so much and so fast that no one ever knew what he was talking about, but as he never said anything worth while it didn't matter.

One bright morning Bluejay was strutting on the moss beneath the big chestnut tree that stands on the edge of the big green woods near the pasture, when plop!

something hit him right on the crown of feathers he wears on top of his head. He stopped chattering for nearly two minutes, he was so frightened. Then he blinked and screamed, "The sky is falling! The sky is falling! I must tell all the animals in the big green woods." And off he flew to spread the terrible news.

First, Bluejay flew to the tree where Red Chipmunk lives and tap, tap, tap! he rapped with his bill on Red Chipmunk's door. "E-e-e-e-k!" said Red Chipmunk. "Who's there? What is it?"

"The sky is falling, Red Chipmunk," shouted Bluejay. "I must hurry to tell all our friends in the big green woods. Come on with me."

So Red Chipmunk came out of his hollow tree and he and Bluejay hurried to the home of Gray Field Mouse, who lives on the edge of the big green woods. Gray Field Mouse was sunning herself on her doorstep when Bluejay and Red Chipmunk came up all out of breath. "Gray Field Mouse," chattered Bluejay, "the sky is falling, the sky is falling! A piece hit me just now and I'm rushing to tell all our friends in the big green woods that the sky is falling."

Gray Field Mouse was terribly frightened at this news, so she joined Bluejay and Red Chipmunk. They hurried along, and they hurried along, and they hurried along, until they came to Speckled Toad's home. "Speckled Toad," shrieked Bluejay, for he was getting more and more excited, "the sky is falling, the sky is falling! Come with us and help us tell all our friends." So Speckled Toad hopped along with his friends. And they hurried along, and they hurried along, and they hurried along, until they came to Brown Mole's home. He was out for his daily airing, but as the sun was too bright for his eyes, Prickly Porcupine was leading him, being careful not to get his stickers near Brown Mole's long nose and pretty soft fur.

Bluejay, Red Chipmunk, Gray Field Mouse, and Speckled Toad came up all out of breath. "Oh, Brown Mole and Prickly Porcupine," gasped Bluejay, "the sky is falling, the sky is falling! What shall we do?" Brown Mole was terribly frightened and he asked Prickly Porcupine to lead him right back to his nice dark hole. But Prickly Porcupine was a sensible chap, and he said, "Why don't we all go to Wise Owl? He will tell us

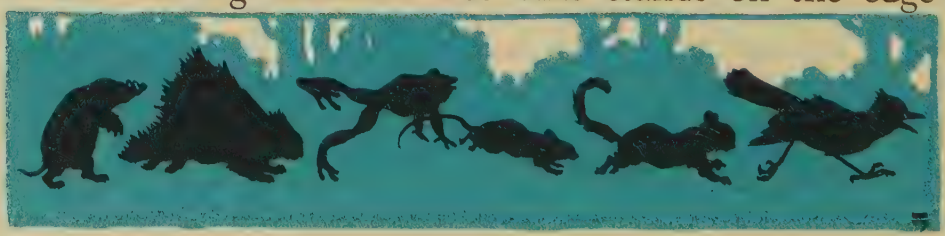
what is best to do if the sky is really falling."

So they all agreed to go to Wise Owl and they hurried along, and they hurried along, and they hurried along, until they came to the big oak tree where Wise Owl lives. Bluejay called, Red Chipmunk chattered, and Gray Field Mouse squeaked, but Speckled Toad, Brown Mole and Prickly Porcupine didn't say a word. They didn't have to, the others made so much noise. Presently Wise Owl came out of his hole in the oak tree where he had been taking an afternoon nap. He was cross at being awakened in the daytime, but he asked what was wanted.

"Wise Owl," shouted Bluejay, "the sky is falling, the sky is falling! What shall we do?"

"Who says the sky is falling?" snapped Wise Owl, for he was still rather cross.

"A piece hit me on the head," said Bluejay. "I was under the big chestnut tree that stands on the edge



of the big green woods near the pasture. I was so frightened I flew off to tell all my friends."

"Nonsense," answered Wise Owl, looking like a judge with big spectacles. "The sky can't be falling. As long as I've lived in the big green woods I've never known it to fall. Let's go back to the chestnut tree and see if anything happens. I'm sure it's quite safe there."

"I'm afraid to go back," Bluejay said.

"Nonsense," answered Wise Owl again. "We can fly or run away if the sky *is* falling."

So Bluejay, Red Chipmunk, Gray Field Mouse, Speckled Toad, Brown Mole, Prickly Porcupine, and Wise Owl all went back to the big chestnut tree that stands on the edge of the big green woods near the pasture. They all stood under the tree waiting for something to happen. Sure enough, something suddenly dropped through the branches and fell with a soft thud on the green moss. And what do you suppose it was?

A big green chestnut burr, all prickly and stickly!

Then how they all laughed! Bluejay loudest of all. And Red Chipmunk went back to his tree, and Gray Field Mouse to her home where her babies were waiting for her to get supper, and Speckled Toad hopped off to where he knew there were some fat flies. Then Prickly Porcupine led Brown Mole back to his warm dark hole and Wise Owl went back to his oak tree. But Bluejay flew away to the other end of the big green woods, laughing so hard that his topknot shook.

THE CONCEITED MOUSE

ELLA FOSTER CASE

ONCE upon a time there was a very small mouse with a very, very large opinion of himself. What he didn't know, his own grandmother couldn't tell him.

"You'd better keep a bright eye in your head these days," said she, one chilly afternoon. "Your gran'ther has smelled a trap."

"Scat!" answered the small mouse, "'s if I don't know a trap when I see it!" And that was all the thanks she got for her good advice.

"Go your own way, for you will go no other," the wise old mouse said to herself; and she scratched her nose slowly and sadly as she watched her grandson scamper up the cellar stairs.

"Ah!" sniffed he, poking his whiskers into a crack of the dining-room cupboard. "Cheese—as I'm alive!" Scuttle—scuttle. "I'll be squizzled if it isn't in that cunning little house. I know what that is of course,

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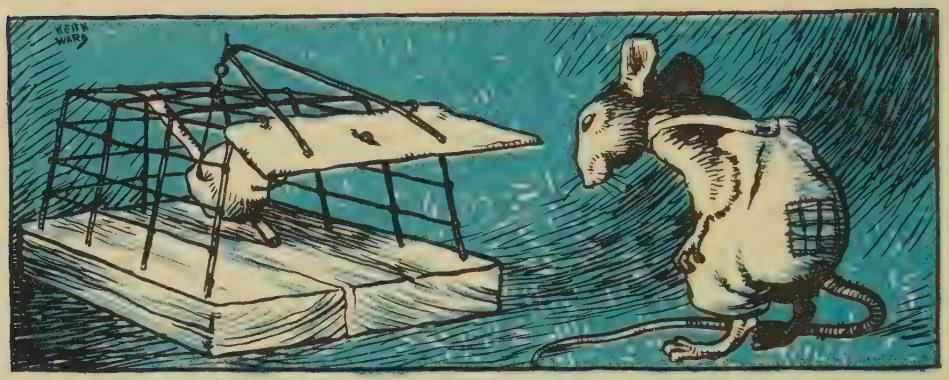

—a cheese-house. What a very snug hall! That's the way with cheese-houses. I know, 'cause I've heard the dairymaid talk about 'em. It must be rather inconvenient, though, to carry milk up that step and through an iron door. I know why it's so open—to let in fresh air. I tell you, that cheese is good! Kind of a reception-room in there—guess I know a reception-room from a hole in the wall. No trouble at all about getting in, either. Wouldn't grandmother open her eyes to see me here! Guess I'll take another nibble at that cheese, and go out. What's that noise? What in squeaks is the matter with the door? This is a cheese-house, I know it is—but what if it should turn out to be a—O-o-o-eeee!" And that's just what—unfortunately—it did turn out to be.

CROSS ROAD

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